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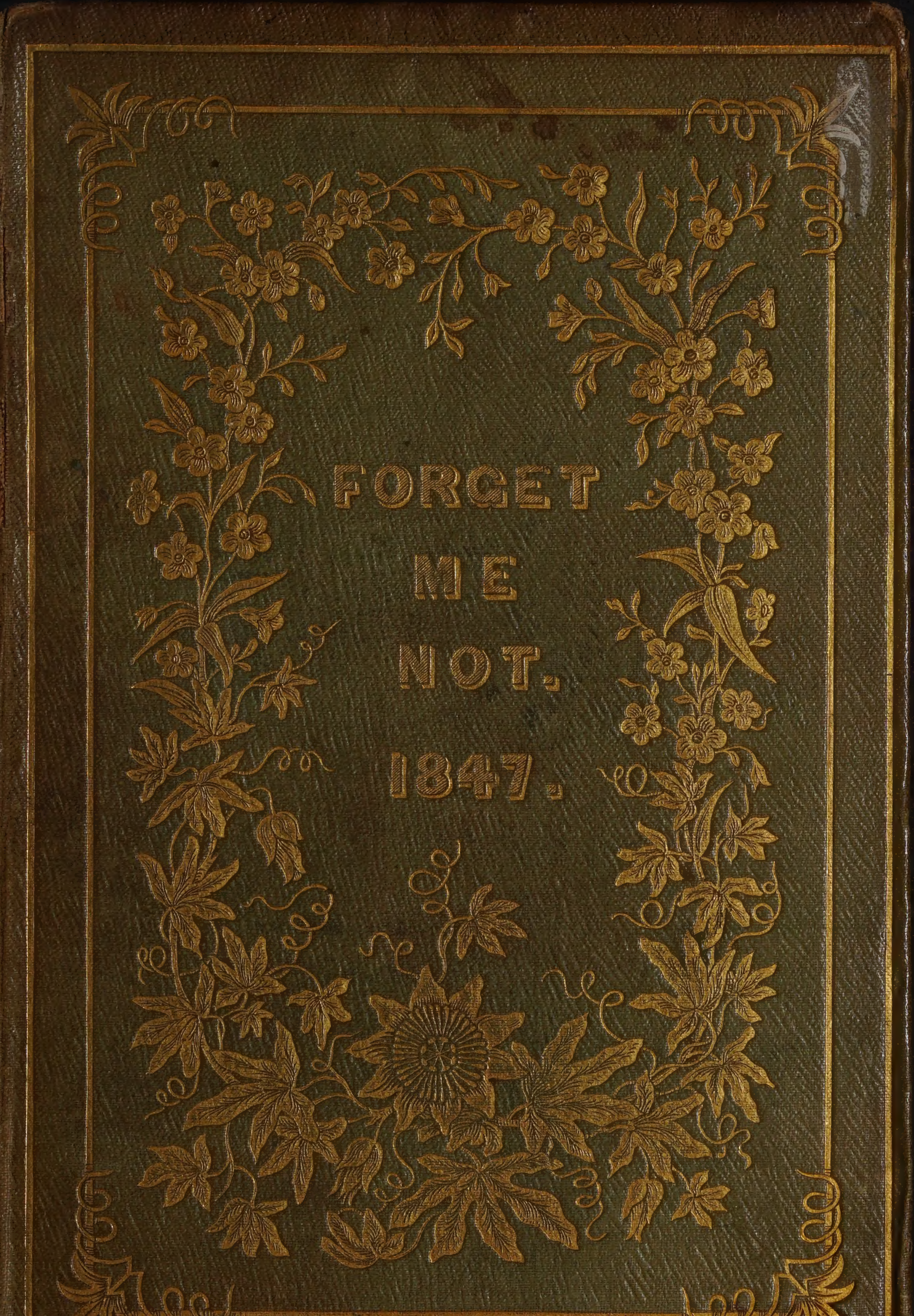

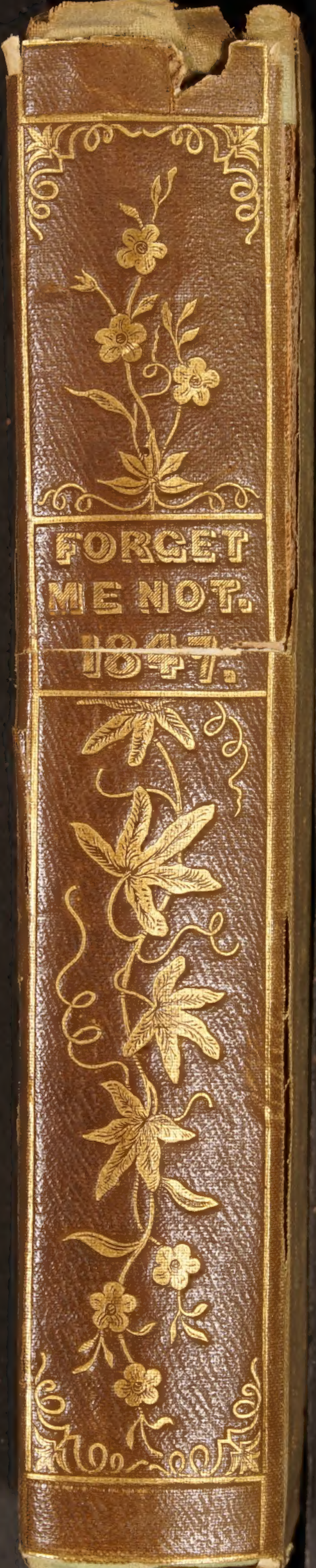

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FORGET ME NOT;

A CHRISTMAS,

NEW YEAR'S, AND BIRTHDAY PRESENT,

FOR

MDCCCXLVII.

> Appealing, by the magic of its name,
> To gentle feelings and affections kept
> Within the heart like gold.
>
> L. E. L.

EDITED BY

FREDERIC SHOBERL.

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THE OLD RUSSIAN'S GRAVE.

FORGET ME NOT.

THE OLD RUSSIAN'S GRAVE.

BY ABBOTT LEE.

"It is Monday," said the Old Russian, Zavordofsky; "the most unfortunate day of the week, because the world was begun to be made on a Monday, and man sinning spoiled the whole workmanship and concern. Nothing can go well begun on this unlucky day."

"But, my little father," said the pet daughter of the Old Russian — this same Old Russian being some good six feet three inches high—"remember you not that the mischance of the world has been mended, and that the good day Monday has been restored to its birthright of blessedness, as the eldest born of time."

"Tush! tush!" replied the Old Russian; "Monday has got a promise, but not a performance—that is to come; and, meanwhile, argue as you will, Monday lies under a curse. I would now that I knew what mischance should light upon me to-day. Something I know will befal me; for, no longer agone than dinner-time, I unwittingly asked my neighbour, the young Samborsky, to help me to salt, and he gave it me with a frown, altogether forgetting to smile. Evil is abroad, my Paulina; I see it, I feel it, I know it. Omens are not sent for nothing. Is there anything meaningless in this wonderful world, or was ever the least of all things done or made in vain?"

"If there be clouds in the sky, my little father," said the Countess Paulina, "it must be that the wind has been made to drive them away."

"A brave heart is an excellent thing for a man," replied the Old Russian, "in every dealing between man and man; but in woman — thy mother, my Paulina, was affrighted at the wave of a feather, and I loved her the better for it. Besides, our daring in matters that be altogether above our mark may be that treading of the forbidden ground which amounteth to impiety."

The pretty belle of Petersburg opened her eyes and compressed her lips, as though she had very little reverence for the metaphysics of superstition; saying a great deal with her silent organs of speech, but nothing at all with that which is generally a musical, never of course a noisy one. Surely Nature has been prodigal of the power of expression, when both lips and eyes are gifted with the command of eloquence.

Now, shall we, or shall we not inflict an inventory of the charms of our heroine upon our readers? They will believe, we suppose, that she had eyes, but will they believe that they were the bluest and the brightest? Lips they will allow her; but will they allow that they were the richest and the rosiest? Cheeks, too, they will grant her; but will they grant that they were the freshest and the fairest, and a brow, the noblest and the whitest? If they dispute the rarity of these gifts, let them remember that an author can shower down as many pretty things upon a favoured heroine as might make an empress die with envy, and that it is our own good will and pleasure that our little Countess Paulina should be the very pearl of princesses.

"What fear you, my little father?" said this pretty Countess of ours: "but a day agone was the blessing of the waters; and, no longer back, did not her gracious Majesty command the Dinner of Toleration, at which every party in religion sat by a representative. Hath she not for this week back been in the sunniest temper? and have you not remarked how she hath humoured her partner at the whist-table like a spoiled child, sitting with her cards in her hand, the while he sketched as many idle fancies on the table-cover with his marking chalk as his heedless humour could devise, and so kept an Empress of Russia waiting the exhaustion of his whims? Believe me, though it be Monday, and though that dark-browed Samborsky presented you with salt with a frown instead of a smile, the evil of such a chance shall fall upon himself, and not upon mine own little father."

"But the Empress Catharine can throw you the gilding of a smile from her lip, with death in her heart; and wot you not that I may chance to give offence to that white negro of hers, as Prince Potemkin calleth him?"

The Countess Paulina's red lips curled up like a rose leaf with scorn.

"I love not the deserts of Siberia," continued the Old Russian; "and the frosts would nip thy blossom and hang icicles on the ringlets round thy white brow, my girl."

"The frosts may whiten the hoar locks of traitors, my little father, but they shall never blanch a single hair on the head of a Count Zavordofsky," said the pretty Countess, with an air of pride that made her hold her classical head a little higher; "and for Siberia—tush! the eyes of true men never look upon it!"

The Old Russian looked a little sheepish, and his black eyes sank down abashed beneath the gaze of his daughter's blue ones. After all, language is only a second class conveyance of feelings and ideas—the electric telegraph of the heart, passing through the eyes, and worked by certain sensations of the nerves; this is the lightning travelling that beats the railroads all to nothing.

The Old Russian, notwithstanding his stature of six foot three, and his bulk in proportion, first looked like a sheep affecting to hide itself by a hill's side—dear reader, have you ever seen one? if not, you know nothing of the genuineness of the natural history of sheepishness—and then sidled away like a beaten dog. A terrible blank came over the face of the young Countess, just as though she had heard some dreadful news; though, we can vouch for it, not a word had been spoken.

Our pretty heroine stood as though she were petrified; and, had she made choice of her attitude beforehand, she could not have selected it better. There stood she, in her green velvet sarafan, a wide open robe without sleeves, richly embroidered with gold, the costly texture and the deep hue of this outer garment contrasting well with the pale violet of the silk of her under garb, the long sleeves of which were fastened round her small white wrists with finely-chased bangles of gold; and her braided hair crowned with the kokoshnik, a crescent-shaped diadem, with the points turned backwards, and richly set with pearl, from the back of which descended her long white veil, giving to this little Countess of ours the air of a great queen. Accident had placed her opposite to a large mirror, but, we can vouch for it, no thought of self was in that troubled gaze. She neither spoke nor looked reproaches, but she had the air of one at whose feet a thunderbolt has just exploded, or of one suffering the first pang of an arrow in the heart, while they have not yet had time quite to get accustomed to the pain.

On the Old Russian's side, his first emotion was evidently that of fear of the little Countess; his second was the desire to excuse if not to justify himself.

"Think you not, my Paulina, that a country so noble as ours, so vast, that even our Empress is compelled to send out discoverers to ascertain the nature and extent of her own dominions—think you not, I say, that such a sceptre better befits the grasp of a man than the handling of a woman. Why should not the son of the Emperor Peter be known as the Emperor Paul?"

"My father," said the pretty Countess, laying her little hand upon her palpitating heart, "we stand on the brink of a precipice, and I am dizzy.

I see now too well why Monday is indeed an unlucky day."

The palace of the Old Russian was filled with the myrmidons of the Empress. The imperial signature commanded the arrest of the Count Zavordofsky for certain high crimes and misdemeanours, to be recompensed possibly by being sent to the land of Siberia, or to another land still more unknown. It was in vain that the numberless serfs of the establishment got into the way to put others out of the way. It was in vain that the major-domo assured the officer who bore the imperial ukase that his lord was ill, was dying, was dead. Not a corner was left unsearched, not a crevice unransacked.

At length, the troop, searching through that lordly dwelling, traversing halls and corridors, and prying into chambers and closets, entered the last suite of rooms; and, having unfolded curtains and opened cabinets, and faithfully searched all but the last chamber, was about to assault that inner garrison also, when the large double doors were thrown open, and the Countess Paulina glided through the aperture. There is something in the aspect of youth and beauty which has the effect of sunshine upon ill, making it well. At the sight of the pretty Countess, the young officer who conducted the expedition stood perfectly still, and his troop halted at his example. The daughter of the Old Russian came with her fair, shiny hair dishevelled and flowing over her shoulders, her dress disordered, her eyes sparkling through tears, terror sitting trembling on her lip. She looked round on the rough, giant troop with a wild, troubled gaze, which presently fell and settled upon the young officer. Her presence was very opportune, for it came just in time to prevent the inquisitors from pouring into that inner chamber.

"What would you?" asked the pretty Countess, calling up all her courage, though her ashy lip trembled like an aspen leaf, and terror flickered over every nerve of her face like a gas illumination on a windy night—"what would you, sirs, in the halls of a Russian noble, in this hour of deep calamity?"

"I feared I might be the messenger of calamity; but I knew not that it would be beforehand with me," replied the leader of the band, who, happening to be rather early in the season of life, had not yet had time to get quite hard at the core, and was consequently a little impressionable to bright eyes and sunny hair, more especially, perhaps, when these were the property of a young countess. "My duty is a painful one, but it is not with the noble Countess Paulina, but with her illustrious father, the Count Zavordofsky."

"Seek ye the living or the dead?" asked the young Countess, in a tone that Siddons herself could not have excelled.

"Those who have been called to a heavenly tribunal assuredly cannot be amenable to an earthly one," replied the young official; "but I must crave your pardon, noble lady, if I pray of you to admit me to the presence of the Count. That which must be done were best done quickly."

"Sir," replied the young Countess, in that moment of extremity flying to woman's well-tried weapon, soft persuasion, "I see that you have some nobleness, generosity, and compassionateness of nature. Have I not grief enough in weeping a parent lost! Overcome by his despair, the Count Zavordofsky, the last of a noble line, hath — no, I cannot speak it—but behold him!"

And, as she spoke, the Countess Paulina, in a state of extreme agitation, threw open the folding doors against which she stood, and disclosed a scene which made the tough hearts even of those rough Russians feel some most unpleasant and disagreeable twinges.

Stretched upon a bier, in that inner chamber, lay the pale, colossal, stiff, motionless form of the Old Russian, attired in the last garb of our humanity, the cerements of the grave — the only garment of which man can never be vain. Not a glimpse of daylight broke in through the darkened windows, and the fearful spectacle was discernible only from the pale, unearthly light of a few tapers of black wax, sparingly scattered round, so as just to make the darkness visible.

"Behold him you seek!" repeated the Countess, standing in the midst of the entrance, so as to prevent the nearer approach of the officer and his troop. "Go, tell our sovereign lady that, if she hath aught against my unhappy father, he hath escaped her vengeance, but that I am left sole representative of our once numerous family, and on my head must her wrath now be poured, if she would have it reach one of the blood of the house of Zavordofsky."

There seemed to be a line drawn between the living and the dead, and on that line stood the Countess Paulina—light on the one hand, darkness on the other—on this side breathing life; on that breathless death. In the interior chamber lay the motionless form of the supposed suicide, surrounded by the sad insignia of mortality. The bier seemed to have been hurriedly and hastily hung round with a drapery of black; the sombre tapers dimly burned, diffusing a sepulchral light; and breathings of that faint and peculiar incense, which may not be called odour, associated as it must needs be with thoughts of that corruption with which it is so linked; the stillness, so deathlike as to threaten to stifle and suffocate the very beatings of hopefulness in the living hearts of those whose recoiling eyes were fixed in a species of fascination upon it, and to extinguish the very sparks of those passions which are as life, ambition, avarice, hope, young love, desire of worldly fame, ay, even of the heart's affections — such was the chamber occupied by its one ghastly tenant, while, in the other, the contrast heightened by that flood of ruby light peculiar to the sudden outbreak of a Russian spring, glowing and rubicund, and beaming over faces startled into pallor by an unexpected horror, stood the troop of military, surrounded by a crowd of the dependents of the house of Zavordofsky, filling almost to suffocation even its most distant corners, yet still leaving a circle around the spot where stood the Countess Paulina in her agony of emotion, separating the light and the darkness, the living and the dead.

Every head was instantly uncovered; and then followed one of those strange silences that may be heard.

"Madam," after a while said the young officer, in a voice scarcely above a whisper, and yet pervading the most distant corners of the chamber, "I respect your grief. My command was to seize upon the *living* body of the noble Count Zavordofsky, not on the *dead*. I pray you pardon the rough consolation of knowing that your illustrious parent, having drawn his last breath in his own palace, hath so been saved from the ignominy of the scaffold."

A flash almost bright enough for joy passed over the face of the young Countess. We wonder whether degrees of horror can ever amount to degrees of comfort!

"Take with you such thanks, generous sir, as an unhappy maiden may tender," said the little Countess, waving her hand in token of dismissal.

"Forgive," said the young officer, "this intrusion on your sacred sorrow;" and, with eyes non-commissioned, yet committing the involuntary offence of expressing admiration, he receded backwards, as if from the presence of royalty.

By the by, it was a very silly thing, whoever did it, to choose so young a doer for so harsh a doing.

"Not so!" exclaimed a harsh, unfeeling voice, roughly violating the silence which others had held too solemn to be broken by aught save whispered words. "Sir Officer, you are the servant of her Imperial Majesty, charged with the execution of her august will, and that will is that you should seize upon the body of the traitor Zavordofsky. I charge you, in the name of the Empress, to do your duty, sir."

So said a young and dark-browed man, separating himself from the crowd of the officials, and taking his position between them and the young Countess.

Truly, now, Nature sometimes writes with a shocking bad pen some shocking bad characters on this human face divine of ours; but she never wrote *villain* by mistake on a true man's countenance, from Adam's days to our own.

The world holds an opinion that an old rogue is better—that is, worse—than a young one, having had the advantage of experience to perfect him in his art; but this is a mistake, for there are some young men in whom the inspirations of evil seem so strong, as to make them seem born masters of the black art.

Like one of these stood the dark-browed Samborsky, between the young officer and the young Countess. Not that he was repulsive in form and feature, but his disagreeableness consisted in expression. No, he certainly was not ugly, we are sure of that, for he had piercing black eyes, a clear and well defined outline of features, white teeth, firmly set, and a mouth that closed with a vast deal of determination upon them. Really, the formation of this gentleman's face had nothing whatever to do with its unpleasurableness; but the expression from within was like a little lurid light stolen from darkness.

The words and the presence of this benevolent individual seemed to act like a dose of prussic acid upon the little Countess: her eyes became fixed in their sockets, her lips turned ashy white; her arms dropped, her limbs shook, she seemed on the point of falling. The young officer hastily made a couple of steps towards her, but Samborsky obtruded himself between them.

"I charge you, in the name of the Empress, to do your duty, sir, to the very letter," said Samborsky: "on pain of sharing the treason of this foul traitor, execute the warrant which you at this moment hold in your hand."

The young officer looked at the dark face of Samborsky, then at the fair one of the little Countess, and lastly at the ukase which he held in his hand, on which the "*Be it so*" of the imperial will was so deliberately stamped.

"Sir," replied the Russian officer, "I have not now to learn that you have taken a strange interest in this matter. Our august mistress may lay her hand to their destruction on the living, but, though she be the greatest Empress upon earth, she cannot touch the dead."

"Have a care of your own speech, sir, if you would have a care of your own head. What shall circumscribe the power of the highest of earth's potentates? You are commanded to seize the body of the arch-traitor, the Count Zavordofsky; and violate your own duty at your own peril, sir."

"The *living* body."

"The *body*, sir! What is it to an obedient servant of the sceptre whether that body be living or dead? It may be the pleasure of the Empress to expose it to the gaze of the throng, as a warning to other traitors."

"Monster!" exclaimed the little Countess, with a most fervent unction of utterance. "Monster! would you prophane the sanctity of death! Would you drag a Russian noble from his shrouded coffin! What a fire must there be in the heart that could engender such a thought!"

"If the flames rage there," replied Samborsky, in an under-tone, "you know full well who hath lit them;" and then aloud, "If justice require that a traitor's head be lifted up, what boots it whether it be severed from the breathing or the breathless body, saving, indeed, the sparing of a few sharp pangs, of which justice hath been cheated."

"This from the slave who but a while agone was at my feet!" exclaimed the Countess, her face convulsed with the conflicting passions of fear and loathing.

"*And spurned!*" added Samborsky, in a hissing whisper; "and yet, for a relenting word, might be there—a slave again."

The little Countess looked as though her pretty lips must needs burst with a torrent of suppressed reproaches; but a glance at the bier, and the motionless form so awfully apparelled there, suppressed the storm of passion.

But Samborsky, fancying that he saw some cracks and crevices in the marble of her resolution, proceeded on the mechanical principle of the lever, in the hope of widening them.

"A slave again," he whispered—"a *willing* slave. Bid me withdraw this accusation. Bid me proclaim it false—foul—a fabrication; and at your command I will rub off every sullying breath from the mirror of the Count Zavordofsky's memory."

And now new passions chased each other, like young war-horses, over the face of the Russian lady, and her heart whispered—we are privileged to tell what it said—"Take the wretch at his word. Make him recant his accusations. Make him clear the honour of the house of Zavordofsky, and restore the favour of the Empress. Then there will be no confiscation of estates; then we may re-appear—and we might laugh him to scorn. What a glorious punishment! What a true womanly vengeance for so base a villany! But then the double-dealing! Could the saints smile upon me; and would not the very portraits of my noble sires frown upon my treachery! But he offers to *disprove*." Pursuing the train of her ideas, the young Countess continued her thoughts in words—"So, sir, so, sir, said you that you could *justify* the Count, my father, from these treasonable charges? Said you not that you could make manifest that all was false, foul—a fabrication?"

"His memory should be pure as the snow upon the Neva."

"But you have given *proof*—deep, darkly written, deadly, incontrovertible *proof* against him!"

"He who doeth can also undo."

"Time can never be retraced—words said, never unsaid—deeds done, never undone."

"Love maketh all things easy. Bid me do it, and count it done."

"The way?—the way?"

It shall be shown beyond the power of contradiction that the Count but lent himself to unmask the treason of traitors, not to aid and abet them. It was from the deep devotion of his love that he entered into the counsels of our sovereign lady's enemies, that he might deliver her from their machinations; and thus, in the stead of his person being prophaned, his memory loaded with obloquy, and his estates confiscated, the reward of his faithful services shall swell the inheritance of her who has but to will and it shall be done."

"And this is comfort—consolation!" exclaimed the little Russian lady, clasping her hands together with startling violence. "So, then, an inheritance in possession is to be counted the equivalent of a parent's life, and that inheritance is to be the price of the justification of his prophaned memory!"

"In sooth, you must permit me to remind you that such are the only terms on which that heritage shall ever come into your possession. Without such interference, these noble estates may soon be exchanged for Siberia, for the Empress hath promised them to the one who hath saved her from this snare; but that one would far rather owe them to a dearer hand. War with me, gentle lady, must be your destruction: shall it not, then, be peace?"

"Peace!" exclaimed the Countess, violently, passionately, vehemently; "peace between the destroyed and the destroyer! No, I cannot lend myself to the treachery of speaking thee gently. Leave, and that instantly, the roof thou hast violated!"

"War, then, and not peace?"

"Ay, war, since peace with thee were the basest of all treachery—the deepest of all shame!"

"Sir," said Samborsky, turning from the little Countess to the young officer with a face the painting of which was perfectly mildewed with passion—"discharge your duty, sir. The work of the executioner may be the easier done, if it be the good pleasure of the Empress to exhibit the head of a traitor to scare others from treason."

"Gentle sir," said the little Countess, lifting her bright blue eyes imploringly to the face of the young officer, "I do not ask you to listen to my pleadings; I only ask you to listen to the whispers of your own generous heart."

"Your duty—do it," said Samborsky, pointing to the bier.

"You could not—you could not lay hands upon the dead!" gasped out the little Countess.

"The Empress knoweth how to punish disobedience," said Samborsky, threateningly.

"The heart hath its own rewards — rich, priceless, and unspeakable," murmured the little Countess.

"Degradation to the ranks," resumed Samborsky.

"A throne in a grateful heart," said the Countess, laying her little hand upon her own.

"Woman!" exclaimed Samborsky, turning upon the little Countess with his passions all let loose, "art thou smiling upon this minion to turn his brain and to madden mine! And thou, tinselled toy, with thy holiday plume, seest thou not that thou art being cozened to thine own undoing? Knowest thou not that thou art selling thyself for a woman's smile?"

"A price," replied the young officer, gallantly, bowing profoundly to the little Countess as he spoke, "at which a crown and kingdom would be overpaid. Happily, it is my privilege to be able to obey this lady without disobeying the commands of her Imperial Majesty. The Count Zavordofsky being in no condition to escape, I may safely suspend all further measures until I have learned the imperial pleasure. Fear not, gentle lady; the Empress of Russia wageth not war with the dead."

"Accept," said the Countess Paulina, "such thanks as one in my condition alone can offer. If happier days, crowned with brighter blessings, should fall upon my father's house, then put my gratitude to the test."

The young officer laid his hand upon his heart, bowed profoundly, and said several things with his eyes that, soldier though he was, he would not on any account have dared to say with his lips.

In another minute the little Countess was alone; but she had received two last looks which she was obliged to remember, the one willingly, the other unwillingly. The first of these was one of passionate admiration and devotion from the young officer; the second, one of threatening and malignant hatred from Samborsky.

The funeral of the Old Russian was celebrated by torchlight. Both friends and enemies mourned the brave Zavordofsky; even his slaves wept his loss, which is saying a great deal. No doubt he might have had his share of fault-finding in his life, but in the grave men are forgiven many things which are considered unpardonable during the journey thither. All Petersburg was very much obliged to the Old Russian for having given them something to talk about, for having first involved himself in a conspiracy to raise an Emperor above an Empress, and then for having committed suicide to get out of it. From the nobleman in his summer palace, sipping his Tokay at the cost of a hundred florins the flask, down to the boor, quaffing his quash at his cottage-door, all Petersburg were indebted for a sensation to the Old Russian.

But there was one who, according to this account, ought to have been very much more obliged than they all, and that was Samborsky. His life was now but one huge and engrossing idea, as large as the rock from which had been hewn the statue of Peter the Great; and from this mountain of a thought he could not unpadlock and unchain himself for a single moment. He had determined upon the ruin of the Old Russian; and what was the cause of his hatred? Love. He had offered himself to the little Countess, and, as they say in Germany, had got a basket. Did man ever pardon in woman the fault of blindness to his merits! He had expostulated with the Old Russian, but the Old Russian had a huge prejudice against the son, on account of a sin committed by the parent. The father of Samborsky had married a serf—one of his own slaves — one of those human animals which might be bought and sold with an estate. No matter that her mind was above her condition, that she was young and beautiful, a gem to adorn a monarch's crown. For this offence the Russian noble was banished from court, and condemned to live on his own estate, excluded from all society. With passions fostered and deepened by the peculiar circumstances of his education, the son at length emerged and appeared upon the great stage of life. He found himself coldly looked upon, everywhere doubtfully received. He loved the Countess Paulina and was rejected. He appealed to the Old Russian, and found that rejection approved and confirmed. He attired himself in furs worth some four thousand pounds, with diamonds on his sword-hilt of five times that value, and presented himself at court. Catharine looked like the east wind on the son of a serf. What should the proud and revengeful Samborsky do, he who, having been brought up in the retirement of his father's banishment, had acquired moroseness and sensitiveness enough to have made a dozen men of sensibility?

He resolved what he would do. He would ruin the Old Russian—that would gratify his revenge—and, by making a merit of the act with the Empress, convert that revenge into the means of winning her favour. Ay, that would be a rare stroke of double policy: and, having watched the heedless Old Russian like a spy, he soon became the arbiter of his fate.

An ordinary enemy might have felt satisfied on seeing a foe dead and buried—a suicide—carried by night, and torchlight, and rather smuggled into a grave than conveyed to the mausoleum of his fathers with that pomp and honour due to the last lion of his race. But Samborsky was not an ordinary enemy. He sat brooding over his one idea.

"No," said Samborsky to himself, "it is not enough. The iron has not yet entered into her soul as it has entered into mine. She has not yet been made to feel at her heart's core. Strange! Is she more unfeeling than other women, or do all women seem better and fairer than they are! She could not love the Old Russian as I deemed, else would she have mourned him differently. I remember every expression of her face. Indignation, anger, scorn, passion, horror, fear — ay, fear — all these were there, but *not grief*. Not grief; and yet, stood she not within breathing reach of a bier, on which lay a self-murderer—and that murderer a parent! Strange! Had I found her shrieking, sobbing, deluged in tears, tearing her hair, dashed headlong on the floor, or clinging to his body, all would have been well—it would have satisfied me. But, no—there was no self-abandonment of grief and passion. She was cool enough to lead me on to make proposals of peace between us—of love! Ay, she had the mastery over me there; for she had the glory of rejecting me once again. She was sufficiently her own mistress to be mine also; ay, and to lure that young Russian on, to melt him with tears then, and to bribe him with promised smiles hereafter. Witch!—sorceress!—had she but bidden him, he would have poniarded the Empress on her throne. Perhaps she finds consolation in her inheritance. Ha! but she shall not escape me there! Fair lady, if you feel not for others, I will put it to the test whether or not you can be made to feel for yourself!"

And, in consequence of this magnanimous resolution, an hour before the obsequies of the Old Russian were performed, his palace was filled with the myrmidons of the police; and scarcely could the young Countess win from their mercy the small forbearance of an hour's grace, before they commenced their ransacking for treasonable papers. This grace—thanks once again to the youth, the beauty, and the soft, persuasive voice of the Old

Russian's daughter—was at length accorded; but the last footfall of the mourning train had not yet ceased to echo on the threshold, ere the work of scrutiny was begun. Nothing, however, was found, save a few black ashes on a marble slab in the cabinet of the little Countess, which might perhaps have been the relics of her curl-papers—if she ever wore any.

Samborsky still kept his one idea; and the result of that idea grew into a strange, a dark, an unearthly resolution.

It was midnight. Scarcely had the Old Russian rested in his solemn dwelling-place a couple of hours, when Samborsky entered the last bourne of man's mortality with a silent, a stealthy, a faltering tread. He came, impelled by his one thought, urged on by his one idea. Had his enemy really escaped him in the grave? Even to the grave would he follow him — even in that grave search him out. The long grass waved mournfully, the leaves of the trees shuddered against each other, producing that most sorrowful of all Nature's mournings over her children. The moon hid her face in a cloud, but the bright stars shone reproachfully upon this invader of the mysteries of another world. The monuments of the dead cast their sepulchral shadow, and ever and anon he stumbled over some humbler grave, unmarked by the marble of memorial. The wind moaned heavily in the cloisters through which he stole so silently; shadows seemed to flit across his path, unearthly words to be whispered in his ear. Even the throbbing of his own heart was audible. At last he had gained the spot: he knew it by the cross of a neighbouring grave, which, as he gazed upon it, seemed to reproach him with being an alien from all the love and tenderness of the holy faith of which it was the sign.

The resolution of Samborsky, though assaulted on every side, yet retained sufficient power to impel him on. He would penetrate that grave, and know whether it concealed death and corruption, or—and still he pursued his way, though his knees shook, though his breath came but by gasps, though his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, though his brow grew clammy, and though his eyes almost started from their sockets. Men make determinations in their summer chambers, but the acting comes when all is dreary and appalling; and, but for shame, the thing resolved would be left unperformed. Surrounded by light and luxury, Samborsky had promised himself to explore the grave of his enemy; but the doing must be in darkness and the charnel-house.

Samborsky persevered, though each moment his physical and mental powers became less equal to the task. He laid aside his costly robe; he grasped his tools, and prepared to open the newly-closed sepulchre of the Old Russian. No matter that his brain reeled, that his wrists were nerveless, that his breath came short and thick, that his brow was bedewed with cold, bead-like drops, that his teeth chattered in his head; still there remained sufficient force in his resolution to carry him on. He drew a flask from his pocket, and drank long and deep: the powerful stimulant seemed to mount into his brain, rather than send its inspiriting streams through his heart. No matter; it enabled him to apply his lever, to loosen the scarcely cemented stones; to dislodge the uppermost tablet; to lay open the dark tenement; and to display the gloomy, frowning, and deadly aperture of the large, square, sepulchral vault below.

Samborsky stood upon the brink and wiped his brow. Almost had the tottering of his limbs precipitated him into the fearful abyss. More dizzy grew his brain; quicker and quicker came the throbbings of his heart. The grass seemed to moan in sorrow at the sacrilege, and the rustling leaves to whisper "*Shame!*" He looked down, and fancied that he saw a lidless coffin, confused and moving heaps of cere-cloths—nay, he even fancied that he heard a deep, sepulchral voice, saying, "Hath the time come?" Amazed, bewildered, and with senses terror-tossed, he looked upwards to the heavens, and saw, or thought he saw, which is much the same thing, angels separating themselves from the bright stars, and descending to surround the grave he had so violated—the bright, benignant beings of celestial mould came floating through the air to guard the grave of the Old Russian; and surely among them, too, he recognized the aspect of the young Countess, she whom he at once so loved and hated. He saw no more! but, rushing to the side of that neighbouring marble monument, surmounted by the cross, he clasped his hands together, and fell senseless beneath its shadow.

"Oh, that I had a draught of hydromel to quench this burning thirst!" exclaimed an old man clad in the garb of a boor, to his peasant daughter. "Nay, I could even content me with quash. Methought I should have been suffocated in that den!"

"A living grave is better than a dead one, my little father," replied the girl, "since the one may be vacated after a term, but the other must be tenanted, not for life, but for death."

"I thought I must have raved," pursued the old boor; "and I would rather die in reality than go through the ceremony again."

"We were at the last extremity, and it was the last expedient," replied the girl: "that final search made every other mode of escape impossible. It was indeed a fearful alternative; but life is cheap bought at any price."

"And here we be traversing the steppes," said the old man—"I a boor, and thou a beggar."

"The living dog is better than the dead lion, my little father," concluded the girl.

The bells of all Petersburg tolled solemnly. It was for the death of the Empress Catharine.

The bells of all Petersburg rang merrily. It was for the accession of the Emperor Paul.

On the same day the palace of the Old Russian once again exchanged masters. Samborsky, who had rested his head of late rather uneasily in its vast chambers, was commanded to try the air of Siberia for the good of his health; and a certain Old Russian and a certain young girl, his daughter, who had entered Petersburg in the train of the new Emperor Paul, but who were marvellously like the Count Zavordofsky and the Countess Paulina, came and took up their abode in the palace, very much indeed as though they were quite used to the old place.

Once again was all Petersburg very much obliged to the Old Russian, for giving them something marvellous to think about and talk about. As a matter of taste, everybody agreed that it was much better to die in fiction than in fact, and everybody admired the nerve and courage of the little Countess, for converting an intended dismal tragedy into something of a somewhat fantastical comedy. Indeed, everybody there agreed that she was worthy of being a heroine; which we hope everybody here will agree with also. A certain young officer was quite of that opinion; and, being rather a selfish gentleman, he came and reminded her little ladyship of a few particular promises which had been made and registered either in the courts of Love, or the courts above, which promises the pretty Paulina, not being able to *dis*prove, was obliged to *ap*prove; and so the finish of our tale, some way or another, comes to be—matrimony.

NOON.

BY J. F. HOLLINGS, ESQ.

It is the height of noon—with coral buds
Expanded lies the slender pimpernel,
Flower of the desert waste: and heard alone,
Hymning the bright effulgence which it loves,
The shrill cicada lifts its feeble voice
From out the balmy thyme: there is no breath
To wake a ripple on the streamlet's breast,
Where, mirrored in the false profundity,
A thousand fathoms deep, slow steal the clouds
And floats the lily's flower—a throne of gold
For reed-crowned elf, or river-haunting fay.

SWANHILDA'S SONG.

BY MISS H. LAWRANCE.

A maiden fair, in sooth, was she,
Who sat beneath the spreading tree,
Twirling her distaff merrily.
And aye, as her easy task she plied,
Her blue eye ranged o'er the landscape wide—
O'er the woodlands bright in the sunny sheen,
O'er the meadows clothed in their tender green,
O'er the budding hedgerows; while swift along
The brooklet bounded with merry song.
O! all was joyaunce, above, below,
And blithe was Swanhilda's heart, I trow:
And she smiled as she thought on the pleasant cheer
Each season doth bring to the rolling year—
Until, like the brooklet, sweet and free,
Gushed forth her simple melody.

"O, merry Spring, thou comest,
With soft breathed gales and showers,
And where'er thou roamest
Blithe upspring the flowers.
Blessings aye thou'rt bringing
To man, and beast, and bird;

Shout and pleasant singing
All around are heard.

"And Summer, with thy treasures,
Thou'rt a welcome guest—
Long, bright days and pleasures
In the wide forést
Are thine; and gay sports of the greenwood,
While the sun is shining bright,
And merry dance of maidens
Beneath the clear moonlight.

"And Harvest-tide, we bless thee,
For the stores thou dost us bring—
O, pleasanter than Summer,
More beautiful than Spring!
The villager doth bless thee,
And the hunter with his bow,
And the nobles by the river side,
Who gaily hawking go.

"But Winter! scowling Winter!
What boon is brought by thee?—
Thou strippest her green swathe from the earth,
And the leaves from off the tree.
What bringest *thou?*—O! heartfelt mirth,
Welcome for all who roam—
The wassail cup, and the blazing hearth,
And the priceless joys of home!"

[illegible] pinx. [illegible] [illegible] Perrin sc.

THE TWO SUITORS.

THE TWO SUITORS.

BY EDEN LOWTHER.

There came a duet of the merriest music in the world, even the laugh of light-hearted women, having more mirth in its cadences than the ringing peals of children, because having more meaning. It was a pretty composition which our two court ladies were practising together, though we never heard the composer's name. We only know that the instrument on which it was played was sweeter than a flute and more cheering than a fife; that the accompaniments chimed in with it amazingly well, being the pattering of light footsteps and the rustling of rich silks, the fluttering of fans and the waving of feathers. Besides, to preserve the harmony of the scene, that music echoed through the stately shades of a palace-garden, in which the dignified trees often waved their branches over the head of a king, and their leaves whispered praise in his ears; and those fairy paces fell on terrace-walks that as often answered to his footsteps. Truly, now, there was something noble in this production of the firm of Nature and Art, and the flowers smelt almost as sweetly as though they had been born and bred beneath a cottage window.

"Sweetheart," said the elder of these two court ladies, a buxom dame, in whom womanhood seemed rather the perfection of girlhood than the first stage of its decay — "sweetheart, thinkst thou that laughter shorteneth or lengtheneth life? — that mirth maketh or marreth health?"

"Nay, merry Mistress Margery! 'tis the sweetest medicine and the wholesomest food."

"Then let us seat ourselves beneath this tree and laugh at our leisure by the hour on this garden chair. I have the rarest jest to tell thee, dear Lady Bab."

"Delay is a slow poison. Besides, a jest fadeth sooner than a flower. A favour granted at once is twice bestowed."

"Listen! Lady Bab speaks morals and maxims."

"I would rather listen than speak: I pray you unfold this mighty jest."

"Nay, an I make your little ladyship serious, I shall spoil my jest. Well, for this hour agone hath King Charles with the Duke of York, and a trifle of the court lords hanging behind him like the fringe of his cloak, and with a few of the court ladies sticking on it like either burrs or embroidery—for this hour agone, I tell thee, have we been perambulating the Mulberry Garden."

"Is this beginning, or the end?"

"Now would I disappoint thee of the hearing, only that I should also disappoint myself of the telling. There followed in our wake that sinister-eyed Frenchman, Monsieur Devreux, speaking ever and anon in a voice too soft for true gentleness, and thereby proving himself a hypocrite."

"There be little over-gentleness in that conclusion."

"No matter. Killigrew gave him a few cuts; but he smiled the sweeter and spoke the softer—that, thou wilt own, was against nature. Well, presently it came on to rain: that is, in court phrase, the heavens, having compassion on our poverty, showered down melted diamonds upon us; or else, pitying our depravity, thought of christening us with a sprinkling of liquid pearls. His majesty wearing his slashed suit of velvet pinked with white, the fashion of which he hath declared he will never change, though he protesteth already that his courtiers look like so many magpies, and the disrespectful rain falling down upon his anointed head, without the least regard to his being a king, his plumage as well as ours had like to have been ruffled. Now, it chanced that among the whole party Devreux was the only one who boasted a cloak, and this, I suspected me then, he carried over his arm because it was new and brave; but I wronged the man of the credit of a far deeper cunning. Well, when it rained, the King looked at the cloak, as though he would have said, 'Thou art a poor courtier, knave, not to offer thy new cloak to the sovereign of three kingdoms!' Seeing that look, the Frenchman blushed and faltered. 'What,' asked I of myself, 'can that hesitation mean in a man who is not only a courtier, but one skimmed from the great cream-bowl of the whole French nation? Can he heed a sprinkling either for himself or his cloak? No;' for I saw that, before he had caught the glimmer of the King's eye, he had been about to throw his cloak over the shoulders of his York highness, but that afterwards he dared not; and then I saw him, with my own little arrowy eyes, try to abstract something hurriedly and anxiously, with extreme perturbation, from the pocket of his cloak; whereupon, with a perfectly innocent and heedless vivacity, I snatched the garment from his hand, and besought the King to suffer me to be his tirewoman; on which he gallantly knelt down, and I threw the cloak around him; but not before I had abstracted a little packet and hidden it in my sleeve. It was all mighty well done; and I wish you could have seen the King chuck me under the chin; whereupon I frowned, and pouted, and belike blushed, which made my Lady Castlemaine's face seem the whiter and paler, with her black spots plastered on her cheeks, and the Duchess of Richmond look more daggers than she dared speak."

"And Monsieur Devreux?"

"Ay, he, dear Bab, was the richest treat of all! Oh, had you seen how he writhed and yet laboured to look delighted; how his lip quivered, and he thought to convert its agony into a smile! Sweetheart, I doubt me nothing that I hold the fate of the nation in my hands."

The pretty court lady, in her merry malice, laid her mischievous fingers on the seal and tore open the packet.

"What!" exclaimed Lady Barbara, "are you going to possess yourself of the contents?"

"Will a highwayman spare a purse, or a coquette a conquest, or my lord mayor his dinner? or will fifty other natural doings be left undone? Come, dear Bab, thou art but a woman: here, take thy share of our stolen goods."

For the next few moments the maid of honour employed her eyes instead of her tongue, but the silence was brief.

"Ha!" exclaimed the lady, in a tone sobered into seriousness, "here, indeed, is matter on which the fate of the nation depends. Dear Bab, this treason is of no vulgar hatching."

"And is it treason, in good sooth?"

"Such treason as may turn our Protestant England into a dependency on Roman Catholic France."

"Found in the pocket of a cloak!"

"Ay, ay, now I see why the cloak was designed for the wearing of the Duke of York. The packet was for his highness."

"Nay, trifle not with my curiosity. Tell me all at once."

"Will you share the theft?"

"Will a highwayman spare a purse, or my Lord Mayor his dinner?"

"'Tis too heavy a matter for mirth, so take it in all its seriousness. Look you, this letter is from France, and addressed to the Duke of York. And now listen to its grave contents."

"I listen with my heart rather than my ears."

"Item the first. 'If the Princess Mary be married to the Prince of Orange, the succession would infallibly pass into the Protestant line.

"'That the Duke shall persuade the King to allow the Princess to go over to France, to drink the Bourbon waters for her health, and that there she shall be married to the French prince before she shall have had time to dream much less to think of the matter; and that, to pay the King of England for his kind connivance, he shall have twenty-five millions of livres'—[a pretty bribe for one who spendeth faster than he getteth]. 'If, however, Charles be refractory, and the shining of so much gold dazzle not his eyes, that then the Duke shall privately make a shipment of the Princess, and afterwards act a little raving at the outrage offered by France; whereupon Louis shall send a submissive embassy to England, begging pardon for having triumphed over us in stealing a princess; that the Protestants of France shall be treated with extraordinary lenity for her sake; that the Duke himself should make a semblance of returning to the Reformed Church, until the country were appeased. If, however, the nation continue in ill-humour, and will not suffer itself to be satisfied with protestations of future good behaviour, when all the mischief shall be done, and if the King be found so unnaturally disobedient as to take part with his country instead of his kin, then shall the Duke retire either to Scotland or Ireland, and raise troops to maintain his position, assisted both with men and money from the French king.'"

"Well, now, dear Bab, tell me whether this be not as pretty a plot as was ever detected by a maid of honour, down from the Queen of Sheba's days to our own?"

"Nay, 'tis the basest and the blackest! But, tell me, how will you strangle this serpent?"

"The sight of these sweet lines shall bless the King's eyes ere he close them for his afternoon day-dream, and haply make him open them a little wider than he hath done of late. King Charles hath wit if he have not wisdom; so, when he knoweth all, he can act according to his own good pleasure."

That very afternoon King Charles reposed in his palace chamber, stretched on a couch of crimson damask and gold brocade, with the drapery of a canopy surmounted with the royal arms of England partially flowing round him. The ushers and gentlemen of the chamber were lingering idly in the antechamber, either lounging drowsily, or telling tales of court scandal in malignant whispers. Suddenly, there came a little stir, the sound of a hurried step, and the Duke of York entered somewhat hastily, with a flushed cheek and a distempered mien. Advancing towards the door of the inner chamber, the Duke was about to enter, when the usher with his rod respectfully interposed—"May it please your royal highness, his Majesty sleepeth."

"Stand aside!" said the Duke, imperiously. "You exceed your privilege, Master Usher. I exceed not mine."

The usher fell back a pace or two, disconcerted, and the Duke of York entered that inner chamber.

The brothers were alone. The King lay in his recumbent attitude, his face shadowed by his hand. The Duke paused at the portal, and fixed his eyes upon the easy, careless, self-abandoned attitude of the monarch. "He sleepeth," said the Duke to himself. "Could he sleep if he knew what plots be hatching? Nay, then, he knoweth not, and the game is still in our own hands." The Duke looked around. On a pile of cushions close to the entrance lay the very cloak, the pocket of which had contained a mischief more likely to explode than gunpowder. The Duke gently lifted it. He passed his hand with an air of anxiety over its embroidered seams: suddenly his countenance brightened with a flash of triumph. "Safe! safe!" he muttered. He drew forth the treacherous packet. It was carefully tied up and sealed; and it would have been a cunning eye that could have discovered that it had ever been opened. The Duke lodged the packet in his vest, replaced the cloak with careful carelessness on the pile of cushions, and, with the lightest and the softest step imaginable, stole from the chamber. Very different was the gracious and benignant look which the Duke cast upon the pages and gentlemen in waiting on his departure, from the morose and anxious one with which he had greeted them on entering, and the words—"His Majesty sleepeth; 'twere sin to disturb his peaceful slumber," were spoken in the softest and blandest tones imaginable.

No sooner had the Duke of York closed the door of that inner chamber behind him, than King Charles lifted himself from his couch. His brow became clouded and his lip compressed. "So, then," he murmured, "James is in truth a party in this foul conspiracy! But let France and York both look to it; for I will mar their meddling and contravene their plotting!" and, satisfied with the resolution, the cloud passed away from the brow of the merry monarch, and the wonted smile returned to his lip.

The young and beautiful Princess Mary sat under the cool canopy of fresh green leaves on a garden-chair in one of the noble terraces of Hampton Court. The first blush of early girlhood, that loveliest of rose-leaf hues, was on her cheek; the unsullied guilelessness of hopeful life was on her heart. She had not yet had time to find out the world, and it never came into her imagination that it was a hollow cheat. It must, we suppose, be reckoned as rather a peculiarity that she had no clear comprehension of her own advantages. No one knows the exquisite pleasurableness of youth till they are old; and, according to this custom, the Princess Mary would much rather have considered herself mature and beyond the trammels of a governess than still to be treated like a girl in leading-strings. It was rather odd, too, that she had no very distinct apprehension of her own loveliness, being rather disposed to envy others for being more beautiful than herself; and least of all did her little heart grasp the idea that her own little hand might, by a very possible probability, grasp the sceptre of three kingdoms.

While the Princess Mary thus sat listening to the solo of a bird and the accompaniment of the full harmony of wind-played music sweeping in most masterly style over the leaves of the trees, with none untuned and none untouched, she became sensible of a strange apparition, whether dropped from the clouds, or merely presented by commonplace casualties, she could not determine. This apparition did not appear before her at all in a threatening form, but came in the guise of a gallant, fresh in the splendour of the gay court of Louis Quatorze.

The world holds fast the scandal that women are infallibly to be caught by glittering show, just as the candle attracts the moth; and, in sooth, in the present instance the lamp had been well trimmed. The eyes of the Princess Mary were for the moment fascinated, and during that moment the noble cavalier was at her feet.

We give but a few snatches of this new orator's eloquence — such fragments as might have been heard by the bird who had been singing in the branches above. Love-making being a tender subject, we do not venture to be quite *verbatim*.

But how had this stranger penetrated into the privacies of the royal dwelling? and where were *gouvernantes*, and guards, and ushers, and pages, and lords and ladies in waiting?

These things were known but to the parties themselves.

"Most beautiful, most adored!" exclaimed the French stranger; for his tongue soon proved his country, though he spoke our language with perfect fluency—"look into my heart," &c., &c., &c.

"To have seen you is to love you! What are rank, position, station? do they not crumble as into dust before the whirlwind, or as shrivelled leaves beneath the orient sun, before the almightiness of love! Were you a peasant girl and I a village swain," &c., &c., &c.

"And are princes for evermore to be sacrificed to policy!—cold, selfish, mistaking policy! Are our countries to sell us like slaves, because we be their rulers! And shall we submit to so monstrous a tyranny, and exchange our plighted troth with the unloved and the unseen, when we have hearts overflowing with the fondest, the deepest, the most intense," &c., &c., &c.

"Yet this policy, this unfeeling policy, is about to offer up as a sacrifice a princess who ought to reign and rule over a willing heart, rather than to be immolated as a victim. You, beautiful princess, who ought to be won by love and served by faith, you they would carry to the altar, and immolate, tied and bound round with wedding garlands, while I," &c., &c., &c.

"Yes, they are about to wed you to that cold, frigid, heartless, and soulless being, the Prince of Orange—to one blind to your beauty, insensible to your perfections—to that joyless, unimpassioned being, who, to make a pathway to the throne, would tread over living hearts, and yet counteth it nothing to reject that hand for which I would offer kingdoms!"

"To *reject?*" repeated the Princess Mary, in a startled tone.

"I may not repeat the offensive word; but if you command me, I must explain its meaning. The Prince of Orange hath not only landed in England, but hath had an interview with the King; when, oh, shame on his knighthood! stain upon his loyalty! he hath even made offer of the hand of my beloved princess to this churlish Dutchman; and he—doth not the telling blister my tongue in the utterance? —he hath declined the honour until he shall have proved, from personal inspection, whether she who ought to reign a queen is worthy of wearing the icy crown of his frozen favour. Yet have you, beautiful Mary, but to smile upon me, have but to wave your hand with the lightest gesture, and, obeying you as the sovereign of my soul, I will bid defiance to this iron-nerved and joyless tyrant, and laugh to scorn the utmost efforts of his malice. Be mine, and fly with me to my own sunny land, a land made for love and happiness! Fly with me, my beloved, and, once my own, I will raise all England and all France to guard our happiness. I will cause such an echo to reverberate throughout our lands, that not a sword shall rest in its scabbard, not an arm shall be idle, not a lip mute. My beloved princess has but to whisper one little word, and all Christendom shall pronounce an *Amen* to my happiness."

It is worthy of some slight degree of notice that throughout the whole of this scene not only had our love-making cavalier appeared to have been possessed of the right of entrance from nobody knew where, but he did not seem to have the slightest fear of detection. Just at this juncture of our narrative, however, some confusion of sounds became audible from the avenue conducting to the palace ; voices were heard speaking in hurried tones, and the governess of the Princess Mary came flying towards her pupil with an air of very incomprehensible consternation. The lady rose from her seat in uncomfortable confusion, the gentleman from his kneeling position in uncomfortable anger. The lady blushed a thousand shades of varying feeling ; the gentleman one deep hue of broad and unmistakeable anger. The Princess waved her hand in a sort of agony of apprehension for him to depart, but, instead of obeying her, notwithstanding his unlimited promises, he somewhat stamped his foot on the greensward in his determination to stand his ground. Pitiably amazed, confused, and distressed, the Princess would have taken flight herself, but, her physical power falling short of her mental desire, the lady governess had added herself to the party before she had recovered the faculty of motion. Undoubtedly, she expected the utmost severity of reprehension for thus being detected *tête-à-tête* with a stranger ; but, instead of a grave and dignified lecture addressed to her highness, the lady governess, with a mixture of deference and fear, addressed the gentleman.

"Fly, sir, I beseech you, fly !"

"Madam," proudly and haughtily returned the strange cavalier, "who is it that your ladyship biddeth to fly ?"

"Pardon! pardon!" replied the lady, in extreme perturbation; "the King cometh! the King himself cometh!"

"And is it for a prince of France to hide himself and fly from the face of a King of England?" repeated the cavalier, indignantly.

"In all humbleness I beseech you," gasped the lady gouvernante, "for the sake of all the saints; for the sake of the Princess Mary herself; for the sake of his highness my Lord Duke, her father; nay, for the sake of our most holy Church, I beseech you! Ah, sir, none knoweth better than yourself that England itself is lost if you be but found here!"

The consciousness of pains and penalties incurred, of stakes lost, a political game spoiled in the playing, and sundry other disagreeable consecutive consequences, seemed to open out upon the mind of the incognito. Glancing towards the far-off end of the avenue, a group garbed in gay and glittering plumage seemed to flash across his vision. With a gesture of passionate impatience, the impetuous Frenchman stamped his foot upon the green, velvety ground; then, snatching the hand of the Princess, he pressed his lips upon it and exclaimed, "The fate of England and the cause of the Church rest in this fair and noble hand. Be but firm, and withstand the King's commands!—be but firm, and obey the parent who hath bestowed you upon me! —be but firm, and let your heart pledge itself to me, and all shall yet be well, despite king and people. To win you is to win all! To lose you is to lose all! If I leave you at this hour, it is but that I may claim you as all mine own at another. And now, dear princess, a short, and but a short adieu!"

As he finished speaking, the gallant disappeared, not stealthily or hurriedly, but with an air of proud disdain even at himself for retiring from the field.

As for the lady gouvernante, she had studiously, notwithstanding her agitation, converted herself into a screen, and placed herself between the parties.

For causes perhaps best known to himself, the King approached but slowly up that stately avenue, and of course the pace of the King must needs be the pace of the courtiers. Some interval elapsed between the departure of the incognito and the arrival of the royal train.

During that interval, the countenance of the Princess Mary underwent some changes. Her extreme confusion disappeared; the ruby light faded from her face; her person assumed a more erect bearing, her eye a sort of serene displeasure. Disappointed in her expectation of being chidden, she seemed suddenly to arrive at the conviction that she had a right to chide; and the breaking in of new light upon the subject placed every circumstance in a strangely new point of view.

"Madam," said the Princess, completely changing places with her gouvernante, "am I to understand that the intrusion to which I have been subjected has been sanctioned by your knowledge?"

The lady turned towards her with a startled gesture. "Do I in my turn understand my princess aright! Can she speak thus coldly of one who adores her! ay, adores her for her own sake—generously, romantically — not with the politic passion of princes, but with the unfeigned love of an unfeigning heart!"

"Madam," replied the Princess, calmly, coldly, even severely—there is something strangely unnatural in the severity of the young—"it appeareth to me that a sudden blaze of light hath passed across mine eyes, and that now I see many things to which I was aforetime blind. The list is long; but, as the time is short, I must for the present content me with but few of the items. Among these it seemeth to me that this gentleman, be he who he may, hath not made for himself a secret entrance here, actuated by an imprudent passion, but hath been gravely licensed to mislead me, counting on my youth and ignorance, on the motive of a profound policy. Madam, *you knew* that he was with me here!"

In angry confusion, the lady gouvernante replied in hasty but unwise self-justification, "His Royal Highness the Duke knew it also."

"And doth he also know," continued the Princess Mary, "that your ladyship is privately of the Church of Rome?"

"What meaneth your Highness?" exclaimed the lady governess, turning pale and red by turns.

"Rather, madam, what mean your own words? 'For the sake of all the saints! For the sake of our most holy Church!'"

"I see," exclaimed the lady, clasping her hands together, "I see that I can no longer command—but I may entreat. And tell me, then, dear princess, what hath steeled your heart, what hardening hath come over your soft and gentle nature! Could one so noble and so richly gifted as he who hath just left us sigh out his soul at your feet in vain? Have not his words entered into your spirit? have not his pleadings fired your heart? Where is there another so moulded by nature, so polished in courtly grace and education! The court of King Charles boasteth not his equal—he is at your feet—can you spurn him? 'Tis unnatural! impossible! beyond all credence! Mine own dear Princess doth but mock my fears!"

It was evident that a slight struggle passed over the face of the Princess; for, with renewed energy the governess resumed—"Dear lady, sweetest Mary, mine own beloved pupil, first love is sweet, indeed! Accept its happiness; and when you are a queen upon a throne, if so it shall be, then shall you confess that no joy, no triumph, no acquisition, no success of after life, can be put in the scale with even an hour of time spent in its soul-blessed communion. The splendour of a crown may not be compared to the bright halo of young love. As well might you frown upon an angel from heaven as on him who offers you this ray-set diadem."

The Princess was silent. It might be that she had to resist temptations from within as well as from without.

"And the alternative!" resumed the lady gouvernante. "The Prince of Orange, in the icy hardness of his nature, hath rejected my Princess."

A flash of real, right down, womanly anger passed over the face of the Princess. But the time was over for argument, pleading, and expostulation. King Charles, doubtless with the view of giving the Princess Mary time to prepare herself for his approach, had loitered and dallied on the way; but at length the gay group in all their ruffling plumes and rustling brocades surrounded the Princess. That, too, was a scene for a painter; not only for its rich locality and rare accompaniments, but for its one powerful and master interest. The spacious terrace-walk; the myriads of perfumed flowers on their garden-beds; the majestic tree, curtaining with its rich foliage the garden-chair from which the Princess had just risen; the stately palace near, and the fair, fruitful country spreading itself as far as the eye could reach—this was the scene, and these the actors—Mary standing with her girlish, graceful figure slightly bent, and her eyes cast upon the ground; King Charles, the merry monarch, with his careless, happy smile, and his quick, mischievous black eye, holding by the hand a somewhat over-stately but really dignified stranger, environed round in a sort of half circle by a group of the gayest, the brightest, and the comeliest of black-patched ladies and curl-scented cavaliers—all this, we say, and more particularly when it is remembered that the fate of England was involved in the result, formed a scene for a painter's hand, his heart, his soul.

"Fair niece," said Charles, in his own blandest accents, and with his sunniest smile, "we have brought a stranger to present. Others may beseech you to smile, but we pray you to frown upon him to your full heart's content."

"Stranger!" repeated the Prince of Orange—for it was none other—"stranger calleth me your Majesty? Nay, cousin," turning and addressing the Princess with an air of fervour, which is so much the more earnest when it comes from a serious character—"cousin, treat me according to my deserts."

"A challenge!" said the King, laughing, "a challenge! and a bold one. Thy deserts!—in good sooth, between knight and lady, 'tis the fashion to plead humility and not pride."

"The court fashion, may it please your Majesty, but not the fashion of honest men."

"Well done!" said Charles, with a little merry malice in his smile; "first, a challenge to our lady niece, and secondly, a challenge to our whole court. Thou hadst need be as brave as the world calleth thee, cousin."

King Charles was perfect master of the sister arts of piquing and flattering.

The Prince showed himself slightly heated; he was better in camps than in courts. Turning to the Princess Mary, he said, rather too gravely for the occasion, "I beseech your Highness to take no displeasure against me for my rough honesty. I had hoped, in all times, in all places, and with all men, to have stood upon the ground of mine own merits, but it seemeth that his Majesty hath taken some exception against me."

"Good cousin," said Charles, "our own merits are admirable firm footing to stand upon with men, but I have ever noted them to be mightily slippery ground with women. Believe me, a lady looketh more to a man's manners than to his morals."

"Nay, your Majesty, dear uncle," at last interposed the Princess Mary; "if before you spoke severely of your own sex, now you speak disparagingly of ours." Then turning to the Prince, "I pray your Highness to believe that even a woman may value worth and honour."

"Else," replied the Prince, with a softening of his voice that manifested some desire of saying a civil thing, "else would they lose a portion of their reward."

"A portion!" repeated the King; "nay, if your Highness meant to fall into the vein of compliment to these dear dames of our English court, you should have said the whole."

"I could not," replied the Prince of Orange, as gravely as though he had been in a court of law.

The King bit his lip, and the slightest possible sighing sound of mirth, that was coughed and hemmed away, might have been heard from the courtly circle, if anybody had listened.

Again the Princess Mary interposed. "Even pleasing would be too dearly paid for at the price of truth."

"And thus would our pretty niece school and reprove his Majesty the King, her uncle!" and this time Charles spoke without a smile.

The Princess Mary became overpowered with confusion. Never had the King before betrayed towards her the slightest severity, nay, not even the severity of gravity; and now, in the presence of this stranger and of the court, very tears came into her eyes.

The Prince of Orange, by a wholly unpremeditated movement, found himself suddenly by the side of Mary, with a countenance full of two different very ill-suppressed and very ill-concealed feelings; the one very much like tenderness for the Princess, the other very much like indignation against the King.

"Sire," said the Prince, with all his characteristic gravity, "if I have had the unhappiness of displeasing you, what hath the Princess my dear cousin done?"

"Nay," replied the King, carelessly, and affecting to hide a yawn, "we did but seek to prove by an experiment whether, indeed, good manners be not better than good morals, and see you not already what evil the slightest infraction hath brought on? Softer lips make smoother brows than those mine eyes now look upon. Lords and ladies, or rather ladies and lords, shall we on?"

The King moved forward a few paces, followed by a *cortège* of gold and embroidery. No sooner had he turned away his face than there might have been seen, if anybody could only have believed it, certain convulsive twitches of the lips, that manifested the greatest disposition in the world to break out into an actual laugh, though his mien behind was one of more than usual dignity.

"Dear cousin," said the Prince, taking the hand of the lady with almost as much gallantry as Charles himself might have put on when actuated by the desire to please, and with even fairer right of success, because anointed with the unction of sincerity, "sweet lady, dear cousin mine, most happy, and yet most unhappy am I in my first beholding you—happy, because I find you more worthy of a heart than of a throne; and unhappy, because it hath pleased the King to put such an aspect on my bearing and my qualities as must indeed give you a distaste towards me; and unhappy, also, because your generous interpretation of my sentiments hath made you in some sort a sharer in his displeasure against me."

What the Princess would have replied must remain a mystery for evermore, as Charles, in pursuance of his present piquing humour, sent back a few of his train to separate the Prince and Princess from each other, which was done instantaneously and effectively.

From that hour, the Prince of Orange became no dilatory suitor; but, instead of being aided and helped by King Charles, the merry monarch appeared to take a malicious satisfaction in throwing every possible impediment in his way, and the Duke of York, though apparently raising no insurmountable difficulties, was as cold as ice in his discouragement, without having the slightest tendency to any known process of melting. Undoubtedly the Duke held public opinion in some degree of salutary awe, for on the one hand his religion was certainly not the religion of the people, and on the other, the Duke of Monmouth was highly popular, and on both these grounds his right of succession seemed to shake with the throes of a coming earthquake under his feet. He knew that the nation held a parental right over the Princess Mary, and that the popular voice had given her to the Prince of Orange: therefore, the Duke of York could only look like Siberia outwardly, and covertly marshal an opposition host.

Once again the Princess Mary sat in her garden-chair, in a spot memorable both for her own fate and the fate of England; and now the Prince of Orange sat by her side. There had been a somewhat lengthened silence between them, when that silence was broken by the Prince speaking with all his characteristic determination.

"Cousin," he said, "I am weary of this life.

How long am I to exist under the curse of uncertainty! The King once desired our union, and now, when I press it upon him, he irritates me with the idle humour of his opposition; and that smile of his, which seems to make others love him, almost maddens me to hate him. Instead of speaking me with that cozening voice, I would far rather that he said to me gravely and sternly, 'William, go back to your people. You are unworthy of my niece, and shall have none of her.' Then leave I the King, and betake myself to the Duke of York, and his answer ever is, 'My daughter belongeth to the King and to the people. She is rather theirs than mine to bestow.' Then come I to you, dear cousin, and you blush, and sigh, and bid me not to importune you. Beshrew me, if I would not rather meet a host in the field than suffer these repulses! Dear cousin, I pray you let it be 'yea' or 'nay.'"

"Said you not, cousin," gently replied the Princess, "that the King once desired . . . . ."

"Our union," continued the Prince: "even so."

"And you?"

The very brow of the Prince of Orange flushed with a crimson tide.

"I will be honest," replied the Prince, making a great effort to shake off his confusion. "I could not love you, because I had not seen you; and, though a prince, I could not marry for policy."

"And you refused me?"

The poor Prince would rather have stood the fire of fifty cannon.

"And think you," said the Princess, suddenly changing her manner, "that I blame you for that rejection? It was generous, disinterested, noble, worthy of yourself! Policy only could have sanctioned such an alliance. Dear cousin, that rejection won me, for it proved that you were not to be bought even by the possibility of succession to three kingdoms."

"Won!" repeated the Prince, rather as though he doubted the evidence of his senses.

"An you reject me not again," replied the Princess, a little tone of archness half enlivening her intense embarrassment.

With a gesture far more rapturous than the most experienced love-maker could have assumed, the Prince started from his seat, pressed the white hand he was holding with a violence rather dangerous for so fragile a thing, and had gone before the Princess was aware of his intention.

That mighty haste was all to reach King Charles's cabinet, to demand an audience rather as a right than a courtesy, to declare his determination to be no longer trifled with, to make a manly and energetic protest against the injury of farther delay.

"Cousin," replied the King, with a sly, dry smile, "hath your Highness come to declare love or war?"

"Ever this bantering!" exclaimed the Prince, impatiently.

"Tell me distinctly what you would have?"

"Shall I have a distinct answer?"

"Ay, if our idle humour can be constrained to give one."

"The hand of the Princess Mary."

"When?"

"Now."

"Will not to-morrow serve your turn?"

"Good uncle! What wrong have I done your Majesty?"

"No matter. Now you shall do me right."

And that morrow was the wedding-day; for Charles, from motives of all-important policy, knew that the game must be lost if not brought to this sudden conclusion. Trusting to this result, the King had taken all his measures accordingly; and, overruling every obstacle to the precipitateness of the marriage, William and Mary were actually married on the following day, and thus the Fate of the Nation was determined.

THE FIVE CHILDREN.

A BALLAD.

BY S. M.,

AUTHOR OF "LAYS AND BALLADS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY," "GERMAN BALLADS AND SONGS," ETC.

The incident on which this ballad is founded is related as a fact in the newspapers of the period.

Oh, gently sways the rocking boat
Upon the sleepy seas;
Far and few, through fields of blue,
Milkwhite cloudlets slowly float;
And the murmuring breeze
Doth a measured softness keep,
Like a breathing babe asleep.

Five children, blythe as summer, were
Disporting in that bark,
Their gushing laughter thrilled the air,
Like the carol of a lark;
They stooped to see each face of glee
Peep from the waters gray,
And shouted when their plashing hands
Had startled it away:

An idle stripling sauntered past,
And, with unthinking hand,
He loosed the guardian rope, and cast
The shallop from the sand;
But, careless still, the children played,
Too innocent to be afraid.

Oh, lightly springs the dancing bark
Upon the bounding waves!
Thick and fast, along the blast,
Ride the storm-clouds, gathering dark;
And, from distant caves,
Rise wind-murmurs, hoarse and deep,
Like a lion roused from sleep.

Remembering every tale of wreck
That they have ever heard,
Each child clings to another's neck,
And cowers like a wounded bird:
Fear, in those stainless hearts, woke Love,
And Love did comfort Fear,
And vague, sweet faith in One above
Kept back the rising tear.

But still the lessening shore grew pale,
Dark grew the widening sea,
That boat so frail, beneath the gale,
Writhed as in agony,

And infant sob and faint lament
Were with the night-wind's music blent.

Like the slow ooze of dropping rain,
Two heavy days went by;
The Mother sate all desolate,
The Father ranged the seas in vain,
And gazed, with straining eye,
On the gray vacancy of tide,
Till his sick heart within him died.

'Twas the third morn—upon the line
Of wan and watery light,
Which separates the sky and brine,
Gilding the skirts of Night,
He sees a moving thing—apart
From cloud, or foam, or shore—
Not faster beats his faltering heart
Than works his hurrying oar.
Nearer!—It is—an empty boat,
Wherewith the slow wave plays!
Christ, pity him! his eyes wax dim—
He stands—he gasps—one gaze—
What sight hath made him start and weep?
Five helpless children fast asleep!

Opening each blue and wondering eye,
They greet him wistfully—

"Oh, Father, nought but sea and sky,
Nothing but sky and sea!
Take, take us home!"—"'Tis lonely here,
And we are faint and cold;
I strove the little ones to cheer,
For *I* am eight years old!
So I took the baby on my knee,
And cradled her to sleep,
And hid my face, lest they should see
When I was forced to weep:
And when I felt the most afraid,
I lifted up my hands and prayed.

"The stars came out and gazed on us,
And the white clouds went past—
Their silver wings, like living things,
Did rock upon the blast;
And we would fain have sheltered us
Where the soft moonlight lay;
But waters dark were round our bark,
Still sweeping it away.
At last there came an edge of flame,
Far off as far could be,
And we knew the Sun was rising,
And we all stood up to see.
Like a fired torch the heavens upblaze,
The waves are liquid light;

We shade our eyes, and gaze—and gaze—
  There is no land in sight!

"I cannot tell what next befell—
  It seemed a blank despair;
Our spirits had no strength for hope,
  Our lips no voice for prayer;
A sleep of Sorrow wrapped us then,
  Such as, in God's own word,
Fell heavily on holy men
  Who watched their praying Lord:
We thought to wake in heaven—but see,
Father, God gives us back to thee!"

Weeping, the sire stretched forth his hands,
  And sank upon his knees—
"O! Man," he saith, "if faint thy faith,
No stronger medicine it demands
  Than what it hears and sees:
God's love so walls us round about,
How is it possible to doubt!"

R. Buss pinxt. Pub.d by Ackermann & C.o [illegible] [illegible] Sculpt.

THE NYMPH.

THE NYMPH.

A STORY OF A PICTURE.

BY MRS. PONSONBY.

"What a fascination there is in a beautiful painting!" exclaimed Vernon, as the conversation turned upon pictures. "I gaze upon the unchangeable features of those divine Madonnas and Magdalens with a rapture above all I ever feel while admiring the loveliness of flesh and blood; and then, as one looks, how they seem to take a mysterious life, how they follow one with their eyes, how their lips appear to move, as if in speech! Yet, when one half believes in their existence—when one springs forward, perhaps, with some folly on one's tongue or in one's gesture—how painfully visible is the mockery of their impassive silence! how completely ridiculous one feels!"

Vernon was young, enthusiastic, a passionate admirer of art, and did indeed sometimes appear as though he believed the images, to the admiration of which he gave his whole soul, to have a consciousness and life within. He would stand for hours and gaze upon some favourite work of art, some divine face, until the gloom of evening warned him homeward, by dimming the beauty that he worshipped: then, in departing, I have heard him murmur forth a farewell, as though the impassive canvass could hear and appreciate his wild devotion.

"Ah!" said our host, in reply to his remark, "there are stranger things connected with pictures than you young men dream of. I could tell a tale . . . ."

Here our host paused, and seemed to feel an emotion which checked him from proceeding further.

Our host, Von Essling, was an old man, fond of art, and possessing a handsome fortune, which permitted him to indulge his tastes in this respect: his house in Munich — the house in which we met that night — was filled with pictures of value and articles of cost or curiosity. The room in which we sat contained many of his choicest specimens; among these, a modern statue, the bust of his late wife, the work of one of the first living artists, which stood upon a marble pedestal before a recess on one side of the apartment, presenting its profile towards the large and lofty windows.

The curtain of the window nearest to the bust was partly drawn; it was of a soft rose colour. The warm glow of sunset poured through this rosy veil, and stained the pure marble with a tint resembling the hue of life. The sweet face, with its delicate and Grecian features, partly averted from our gaze, received this glow, which seemed to dye the cheeks with faint blushes, as though she felt and shrunk abashed before our admiration.

The wall of the room and of the recess was of a tint between straw and salmon colour; the crimson light warmed this into a rich, Claude-like background. Within the recess, above the bust, which was advanced considerably forward, hung a small painting, one of Vandyke's graceful portraits: it harmonized well with the colouring I have described, but the recess was of a size sufficient to have admitted a much larger, or at least much longer canvass.

As the old man glanced towards the recess, one imagined that his thoughts turned to the picture above, not to the bust below; and, repeating his last words, we exclaimed, "A tale! oh, pray tell it us!—connected, is it, with that Vandyke?"

"No," returned Von Essling, mournfully; "not with that Vandyke, but with a picture that once hung there, and with the bust beneath; but it is a tale I have never told, nor ever would have revealed during the lifetime of my wife: but she, alas! is gone from me, and I have now no farther motive for silence."

Something in this preamble strongly excited our curiosity, particularly that of Vernon, who was gazing with one of his intense and devouring looks upon the face of the statue, which, as the light changed, as the shadows deepened, seemed to take fresh expression from every variation of those varying heavens, in their magnificent sunset glories. Their soft twilight gifted the countenance, for ever raised towards them, with an intelligence, mystic, startling, beyond all that the power of the sculptor had bestowed.

We all joined in entreating Von Essling to proceed with the revelations which he had half promised, and, after a few moments of silence, he began.

"My story will commence five and thirty years ago, and on the anniversary of this very day. I was then a bachelor, young, rich, and highly-born. You will not wonder, then, that I was an object of great interest to the fathers and mothers of Munich.

"Some very barefaced attempts to entrap me had, at an early age, given me a sort of disgust and indifference for women in general: my amusements were chiefly those connected with my horses, with music, of which I was a passionate admirer, and last, but not least, with the arts of painting and sculpture.

"This house was part of my paternal inheritance. It was a source of great pleasure to me to decorate it with choice works of art, and to furnish it with simplicity and elegance. It was not then what you now see it: all that is now so graceful, so sparkling, so brilliant, was then solid and plain, though rich, as suited best to my bachelor state and associates.

"But on this day, five and thirty years ago, a change came over the house and its owner, which resulted in the union that has made the bliss of my life, and which Providence permitted me to enjoy until little more than a twelvemonth since.

"The morning of this day," continued Von Essling, with a sigh, "was bright and unclouded, and I resolved to walk into that quarter of the town inhabited by the brokers and picture-dealers. There was a shop in this quarter, kept by one of the latter class, where I sometimes met with a tolerable picture among those exposed for sale, and had more than once ferreted out from amid the mass of supposed rubbish crowded into his back shop a neglected gem of art.

"On this occasion, finding nothing worth notice among the former class of articles, I proceeded into the back shop, and commenced poring over the dingy and torn canvasses piled in all directions around.

"I had not pursued this occupation many seconds when I caught the gaze of a pair of bright eyes, fixed directly upon mine, and startling me with their life-like and intense glare. I recoiled a few steps in surprise, and then perceived that the eyes were part of a large, dirty picture, and were just peering above the frame of another, less in size, but equally dirty, which rested against it. The background of the painting was an indistinguishable mass of dust and blackness, but the broad, white forehead, the luminous eyes—these seemed every moment to increase in brilliancy and clearness. The picture-dealer was in his front shop. I called him, and requested him to show me the rest of the hidden painting; and accordingly, among clouds of dust, amid much rumbling and rattling, the treasure was brought to view.

"It *was* a treasure. I saw at once that it was a painting of great merit, though evidently long neglected, uncleaned, badly varnished, and in some parts retouched by inferior hands. In shape it was long, and somewhat narrow, and the size of life. The figure was that of a young Nymph, just rising from a couch, and looking forward with an indescribable expression on her beautiful face—an expression full of expectation, of anticipation, and of a redundant and overflowing happiness.

"The low couch was placed in a dim, mysterious chamber, such as one might fancy the chamber of some priestess vowed to high and inscrutable rites. One universal tint of warm brown pervaded the whole.

An Etruscan vase stood in the foreground; beside it a snake, coiled, but with eyes as watchful as those of his mistress, looked vigilantly forth. On the couch were flung various draperies of a rich, dark azure, mingled with others of as rich a crimson: the vestments of the Nymph were white. She was partly on the couch, one foot just touching the ground, and she rested upon one arm. Her costume was purely Grecian, the long robe sweeping to the earth, the arms bare to the shoulder, a broad girdle encircling the waist.

"But her face—that was beyond description—so lovely was it, so soft the complexion, so perfect the small features, so lustrous the eyes! while the lips, just opening, displayed a gleam of pearly teeth. The eyebrows, slightly elevated, the hair, the long lashes, were of dark chestnut: the unbound tresses streaked the snowy breast and shoulders, and wandered down the white arm: the lofty brow was crowned with a broad wreath of laurel.

"There was a witchery about the whole figure, a freshness in the smile, a burning light in the eyes, a brightness in the attitude, a radiance, which seemed born of an all-conquering and all-aspiring intellect — and withal a winning softness, which I had never seen in anything of mortal shape, which, as I gazed and gazed, entranced me yet the more.

"I did not manifest my admiration to the dealer, but I inquired of him how it was that I had never seen this picture before, and how long he had had it.

"'Had it, sir! why, many a month; and it has been in this place and in the same position every time you have entered my shop. I have not thought it worth cleaning or bringing forward; but now I look again,' he added, beginning to discover its merits as soon as he perceived that I felt an interest in the picture, 'now I look again, I do see a great deal of beauty in the canvass. That face, sir, and those hands, are decidedly well painted. I should say this picture would hang well in the vestibule of your very elegant residence.' And the dealer swung it forward into the light, and commenced clearing it from the dust that had accumulated upon the dingy frame and cracked surface.

"A strange feeling seized me. I wished to be alone with this picture; and the babbling of the dealer, as he continued praising and crying up his property, troubled and annoyed me. I cut him short by offering him a sum, which, though small in proportion to what I could judge to be its real value, was far beyond anything he had ever expected to obtain for it.

"Delighted with his bargain, he accepted it without hesitation; and, while he was engaged in removing the cobwebs clinging to the back and sides, I again inquired where he had met with this extraordinary painting.

"'Some years ago, sir,' he replied, 'a young man, in the dress of a student, pale, but very handsome, with a profusion of sunny, chestnut hair, entered my shop with this painting. He seemed feeble and poor, and with difficulty supported its weight. He entreated me to lend him a sum of money upon it. I told him I was not a pawnbroker, I could not receive it upon his terms; but I offered him a trifle for the painting; more, I should tell you, sir, from charity, than from any other feeling: for at that time it appeared to me as nothing but a dingy mass, on which the very outline of the figure was scarcely distinguishable. He seemed to struggle between his poverty and his wish to retain the picture. At last he extorted from me a promise not to part with it until ten years had elapsed from the day on which he brought it. Strange to say, the ten years expired yesterday, and during all this time I have never noticed it, nor has it ever been remarked by any one entering the shop. I think, sir,' added the dealer, facetiously, 'it has been reserved for you, and your presence to-day brought it to life again.'

"'And you have never seen the young student since?' I inquired.

" 'Never,' replied the dealer. And, as he spoke, a faint sigh floated round the apartment.

" Both started; but there was no one to be seen.

" 'It was nothing,' he observed. 'Perhaps I brushed against this chair:' and he resumed his occupation, the while I returned to my employment of gazing with increasing wonder and admiration on the image before me.

" As I gazed, it appeared to become each moment more vivid and life-like, until at last it seemed actually starting from the canvass. I fancied that I saw the lips move and smile. I had to close my eyes to drive away the illusion. The dealer was struck with the wonderful change that had taken place since I had first caused it to be brought into light. He began to think that he might have made a better bargain.

" 'You will have a cheap picture, sir, in this,' he said.

" Determined not to lose sight of the prize I had become possessed of, I engaged the errand lad to follow me with it to the house of Huisch, the picture-cleaner, to whom I intended to entrust this gem, for the purpose of restoring it to its pristine beauty. Arrived there, I found Huisch at home, and ready to undertake the task. He was almost as much delighted with it as myself. His withered lips expanded into an approving grin, his little eyes sparkled, as, one by one, beneath his practised touch, the various perfections of my Nymph became manifest.

"He promised to be as expeditious as he could with the operation of cleaning and restoring, and I quitted him, and bent my steps homeward.

"Absorbed in reflections, I did not perceive a crowd assembled in the midst of a narrow street which I had to traverse to regain the more fashionable part of the city, until I was fairly in the midst of it: and, once there, my gallantry and all proper feeling prevented me from leaving it so speedily as I should otherwise have done.

"A carriage containing two or three ladies was intercepted in its passage by a huge waggon, which had been drawn across the street, unlading at the door of a warehouse. This seemed to be an accident easily remedied; but the drivers of the two vehicles had entered into a war of words, from which they would have passed to more personally hostile demonstrations, had not the assembled crowd restrained them. Meanwhile, the horses attached to the carriage were becoming frightened and fidgety, and the ladies within were screaming and begging to be let out, that they might make their escape on foot.

"Perceiving, as I advanced towards the carriage, that the coachman, carried away by passion, was totally regardless of the terror of the ladies and the increasing uneasiness of his horses, I ordered him either to dismount and surrender the reins, or to turn and make his way quietly from the crowd. As he did not seem inclined to do either one thing or the other, I took matters into my own hands. Dragging him from the box, I mounted in his place, and, turning the horses' heads, drove from the scene of contention, leaving the coachman, whom I now first perceived to be intoxicated, offering battle to the cooler but most aggravating waggoner.

"At the end of the street I drew up, and addressed the ladies, requesting their commands. They wished only to be taken home.

"Having learned their residence, I complied with their request, and deposited them at a handsome house, in one of the best parts of the city, where other servants received us, and heard with surprise the history of the misconduct of their comrade.

"The ladies alighted, and the elder of them entreated me to enter. She and one of her companions were warm in their thanks and acknowledgments; the younger said little, but her looks went farther than a torrent of words would have done from any one else.

"I was deeply captivated with her beauty. The face of my lovely picture seemed to fade from my eyes as I gazed on hers; for the first time in my life I felt that I could *love!*

"The mother was a widow; these, her two daughters, were girls of twenty and twenty-one: Julia, the elder, was a fine, showy woman, but Elizabeth — that was her name — ah! she was fair, indeed!

"You see her there," he continued, after a pause, and he pointed to the marble bust: "that is her image;" and all involuntarily turned to look again upon the statue, now, beneath the silver moonbeams, pallid as the face of death.

"Elizabeth," resumed Von Essling, "was of the middle height, with a fair complexion, soft blue eyes, soft, falling, golden hair, and features that wore at once an innocence and a majesty which might have crowned the brow of Eve. All her movements were full of grace and gentleness; the tones of her voice were sweet as sweetest music; her step was light as that of a spirit, gliding rather than walking; her smile was a gleam from heaven.

"It seemed strange that we should have inhabited the same place so long, and never have met before. Speaking on this subject, we found that we were mutually acquainted with many persons, and had often been invited to the same entertainments, but some fatality—at least, so it appeared to me—

had always interfered to prevent either one or the other of us from fulfilling our engagement.

"I returned home in a reverie of delight. I dreamed and thought of nothing but Elizabeth and my picture Nymph. The first, it must be owned, had the largest share of my attention; yet the latter, so wondrous, so witching, would, unbidden, force itself upon me, crossing the gentle memories of my Elizabeth with a startling suddenness, distinct and vivid as the lightning's flash.

"My wooing prospered. Elizabeth soon owned a preference for me. Her mother was charmed with the eligibilities of my station and fortune; and in a few weeks from the date of our acquaintance we were affianced lovers.

"Amid the joy and occupation of my new situation, I did not forget my Nymph; indeed, it was not in my power to do so; her bright, mild eyes and inspired look haunted my inmost thoughts, and mingled with the dreams that should have been my bride's alone.

"The picture, well restored by Huisch, in oil, in an appropriate frame, did justice to my taste and discrimination. It was removed to my house, and hung up in that recess; beneath it, at that time, was a small sofa. Each morning, before proceeding to visit my beloved, would I sit entranced and gaze upon that face, that figure, that smile, until I could almost believe they lived and breathed for me. Each evening, on my return home, would I linger, fascinated, carried away by the surpassing and life-like beauty; until, at last, I expected that the upraised finger would move and beckon — that the parted lips would add speech to their voiceless eloquence.

"At times, while meeting the gaze of those eyes, which never ceased to bend to mine, I felt as though I could not withdraw my own. Accident, the entrance of a servant, the arrival of a letter, would break the spell. Freed from the thrall, so great was the relief, such a weight seemed taken from my spirit, that I would strive sedulously to avoid again encountering that look, yet, unable to resist the fascination, would find myself, ere many moments had elapsed, again answering to the wondrous *soul* of those magical orbs with all the fervent passion of my own.

"Of course my approaching marriage occasioned many changes and improvements to be made in my house; and, a few days before the event was to take place, Elizabeth, her mother, and sister, came to lunch with me, and to give their opinions upon the furniture and ornaments which I had selected to adorn the future home of my bride.

"Chief of all my treasures, I prized my Nymph, and I manœuvred that Elizabeth should enter with me alone this apartment, that I might enjoy alone the sight of the surprise and pleasure which I anticipated she would exhibit.

"Accordingly, the repast concluded, I left the other ladies engaged with a portfolio of rare prints, and led my Elizabeth into this room.

"We entered: she paused for a moment to contemplate a painting that hung near the door. I then directed her unconscious steps towards my favourite picture. My heart actually throbbed, so anxious was I that my beloved should admire equally with myself the queen of my fancy. But, ere Elizabeth had given token by gesture or exclamation that she even saw the object of my thoughts, she uttered a deep sigh — one that seemed heaved with agony from her breast — and sank fainting on a seat.

"I raised her in my arms, and strove to revive her, but each moment only left her more pale. Terrified, I bore her to her mother. We laid her on a couch; and, as her insensibility seemed to increase, I sent for the nearest physician. He came in haste; and, as he looked upon the white lips and marble brow, his face betrayed his anxiety for the result.

"Momently the warmth of life seemed waning —no sign of returning animation took place: the beatings of her heart became more faint and distant, the slight breathings almost imperceptible.

"In agonizing grief, I besought him to use fresh means to revive her. He had bled her in the arm, and the blood had flowed, though languidly: he now proposed a warm bath, thinking that it might excite the torpid circulation.

"The servants hastened to prepare it, and I was dismissed from the apartment, to await the result as I best might. I retired into this room. Imagine my feelings, when, on entering it, I saw, seated on the sofa in the recess, my Nymph!—the Nymph of the picture herself! the canvass still in its place, but containing only the representations of the vacant couch, the serpent, the Etruscan vase.

"She rose to meet me; it was the same!—the laurel wreath upon the bright, broad brow! the golden girdle round the waist! the snowy shoulders gleaming beneath the dark brown hair!"

Von Essling was silent for a space: his surprised auditors looked at each other, then at him, then followed his gaze to the face of the statue, which, now gleaming through the thick gloom, was dimly seen—a motionless, a solitary ghost!

No one made any remark. Von Essling continued.

"She rose and approached me, extending her arms—those beautiful arms, so white and symmetrical! The snowy robe, the dark brown hair, waved gently in the slight breeze that entered at the open window: the golden girdle and wreath of laurel gleamed in the sunlight.

"As she advanced, while I stood motionless and speechless, she said, in a voice whose silver accents yet ring upon mine ears, 'Thou hast called me, and I come.'

"Bewildered, I gazed, first at her, then at the mysterious picture, where the couch yet bore the slight impress of her form, where the snake appeared to have raised himself from his coiled position, and to be glaring erect and watchful upon us.

"I suppose this being perceived my astonishment, for she again spoke, with a gentle sigh. 'Didst thou not know,' she said, 'that the moment the eyes of thy mortal bride met mine, one of us must perish for ever?' and a troubled look took possession of her face.

"These words recalled me to myself. 'No!' I exclaimed; and, thinking only of Elizabeth, I turned hastily to the door.

"'Stay,' she said; 'it is in vain thou goest while I am here. Pause yet awhile; there is yet time.'

"'She will be saved!' I exclaimed.

"'Alas! that rests with *thee*,' said the Nymph.

"I was silent, gazing at her. Gradually, as I looked, her old influence seemed stealing over my soul; I could not withdraw my glance from hers; an indefinable feeling, in which passion, fear, admiration, abhorrence, were strangely mingled, filled my heart. My senses seemed failing before this lovely idol; yet, Reason was present, telling me how false was the worship.

" 'Tell me how this thing is?' I suddenly inquired.

" 'I,' she returned, in a low voice, and blushing as she spoke, 'I may be thy bride—choose between her and me. None yet have hesitated:' and, as she spoke, she drew yet nearer, the odours of her faint sighs, of her shining hair, shedding their sweetness around me.

" '*None yet have hesitated*'—these were her words. Had this scene, then, been before enacted?

" 'Choose between us,' she repeated, after a moment of silence, during which the tumult that was raging in my breast deprived me of the power of words, yet must have spoken plainly on my burning cheek, and flushing brow, and quivering lips.

" 'Choose between us:' and her hand touched mine.

" It was not very cold, yet the light touch sent my blood back upon my heart, and in a moment recalled me to myself.

" 'I have chosen,' I said. 'Farewell.'

" 'And have I been thine so long,' she murmured, in mournful accents, 'and but for *this!*'

" 'Ah!' I replied, somewhat grieved at the sight of her sorrow, ''tis a hard alternative; yet you have said it is imperative—farewell!'

"'Farewell, then, farewell!' and her voice was full of a profound melancholy. 'Leave me, that I may return to my prison. Yet, remember, shouldst thou repent thy choice, in thine own hands lies the power to change thy fate.'

"She waved me from her. I obeyed, and quitted the apartment.

"As in a dream, I moved towards the room in which I had left Elizabeth. I was met at the door by her sister, who, in joyful accents, informed me that the dear invalid was restored to sense, and seemed to regain her strength as rapidly as she had lost it.

"I was permitted to enter. There she was, my Elizabeth, a little pale, but quite restored, smiling so sweetly, thanking all around her so gratefully. Tears fell from my eyes as I thought of the danger she had experienced. They had laid her on the couch, and covered her with a white coverlet; her long hair, damp from the bath, fell on each side of her sweet face; the colour returned slowly to her cheek, the light to her blue eyes. How different was her calm and touching loveliness from the wild beauty of my deserted Nymph! She expressed a wish to rise and attire herself, and resume her inspection of the house. Accordingly, I again quitted her.

" My first thought was to prevent the possibility of another such rencontre as the one I have related. I hastened to remove the fatal picture. I trembled as I entered this room. I scarcely knew what to expect: my Nymph might still be living and moving within it, or she might have departed, leaving me the vacant couch alone.

" But she was there, in her old place, reclining, the serpent coiled at her feet. I trusted myself to no second look, but took the painting down, and bore it, covered, into the room where the bath had been heated for Elizabeth. Here a large fire had been kindled within the stove. I fastened the door; then, with a knife, I cut the canvass from the frame, and flung it into the furnace. It shrivelled, cracked, rolled up, and gradually became a black and formless mass. I dared look but once—and *then* I saw the face, I met the gaze of the unflinching eyes, which, to my excited imagination, seemed to express a reproach the most poignant, a more than mortal agony.

" This step may appear of unnecessary severity, but I dreaded alike the consequences of keeping this extraordinary painting and of parting with it. I could never feel content while believing it to be in existence.

" Elizabeth could not have remarked it; for, on again entering this apartment, she evidently had no recollection of having observed any picture in the recess. *I* saw — or thought I saw — the faint impression of a foot upon the couch immediately below where it had hung.

"The day after this event, a young man, pale and worn, dressed as a student, with long, chestnut hair, called upon me, and requested, as the greatest possible favour, that I would sell him the painting I had bought of the old dealer I had mentioned. I told him I had destroyed it, giving him to understand that it had been a matter of necessity I should do so, but without entering into any particulars.

"At first, he seemed stupified with grief, yet manifested no surprise; but, rousing himself, he thanked me for my courtesy, and adding—'Perhaps, for my soul's health, 'tis best so,' he rose and departed, nor have we ever met again.

"Elizabeth and I were married, and for years enjoyed perfect felicity. Her bust replaces the brilliant image of that enchantress, whose face is often before my eyes, and whose voice will mingle, uncalled-for, with my dreams. Their memories are far apart, yet their fates mysteriously interwoven: no power now can separate them."

Von Essling paused, and started from his seat. So did we all; for a long-drawn sigh sounded from the dark recess, and a gleam of pale light fell upon the cold features of the hitherto obscured statue. But it was only the wind, which, lifting the crimson curtain, permitted the beams of the declining moon to fall upon the marble face.

Von Essling rang for lights, and the impression left by the tale melted away before the impulse caused by the appearance of the *récherché* supper and splendid wines provided by our liberal host.

"Now, do you think, Vernon," he said, as we gathered round the hospitable table, "now, do you think this was really an *act of magic*, or simply a dream? I have sometimes doubted it myself, since. I have imagined that I might have fallen into a reverie, or vision, while awaiting the result of the means for reviving my Elizabeth, and all might have been a dream: but, if so, the impression must have been a strong one, since its effect was the immediate destruction of the picture."

"Beautiful Nymph!" murmured Vernon, himself in a reverie, "what a fate you found!"

AN EAST INDIAN FOREST.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL, ESQ.

I.

No silence and no solitude, with night,
  Amid those Indian forests; yet, alone,
  Companioned by strange thoughts, I stray; a tone,
That varies ever, maketh music, light

Or solemn, in mine ear: the wailing moan
  Of winds, tree-strangled 'midst embracing boughs;
  Or night-bird's shriek, expressing deadly throes
In some dire serpent's fangs—or angry groan
  Of bear aroused from slumber—or, where grows
Yon cane-wood near that pool, the croak of frogs
  Arising harsh—whilst upwards gleams and glows
A swarm of fireflies, dancing o'er the bogs:
  No solitude, nor silence, then, is here,
  For life and sound fill all the atmosphere.

II.

The very leaves, dew-glancing in the moon,
  Make music, with sweet voices, as they dance;
And nodding gloriosas[1] hum their tune
  To drowsy parrots—and lithe lizards prance
On jasmine steeds, that shut their starry eyes
  Beneath the falling dew—while crickets croon
Nocturnal ditties to the bats, that rise
  From dim recesses, where the gaunt baboon
Maketh his lair. Hark! where, between huge boles
  Of teak and bamboo, how, with angry growl,
  The tiger roars for food! The jungle-fowl
And peahen, screaming, flee—while past me crawls
  The monstrous cobra, showing to scared eyes
  Its hooded crest, where deadly venom lies!

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[1] The trees in some of the jungles of the northern circars are literally crowned with the refulgent corollas of the *gloriosa superba*.

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

THE RECTOR'S DAUGHTER.

THE RECTOR'S DAUGHTER.

BY ELIZA WALKER.

"Really, Arthur, you should respect the proprieties a little more. When you are at the Opera, you may allow yourself whatsoever licence your wicked will prompts, and gaze, if so it pleases you, at the same fair face, for three consecutive hours: but, at a country church, where, from our position and novelty, you have full assurance that every look and movement are outwardly marked and inwardly digested, to rivet your glances the whole time on the Rector's daughter, and express, as far as eyes could, I am dying to say a thousand tender things to you—positively, it was atrocious! You shall never be my escort again at church or chapel. I am not given to nervousness, or blushing; but I really felt quite fidgety at the heightened roses you brought into the poor girl's cheeks."

"My sweet sister, you may lecture as long as you like, provided you find pleasure in the occupation; because, if you do not, it is as well to apprise you, before you expend any more of your balmy breath, that, as far as I am concerned, it is utterly profitless: for, by all that is beautiful, whenever the cherub face of that divinity—Violet Wentworth do you not call her?—meets my view, my eyes must do homage to her loveliness! After the faded beauties of London, it is quite refreshing to look on anything so bright and spring-like as her young countenance. Besides, sister mine, you are not exactly privileged to *mentorize*—seeing that the tall young man with her appeared to engross rather an undue share of your ladyship's attention, remembering always that you are a wife and mother."

"Nonsense! Did I look at him? I wonder, by the way, who he is? Has old Wentworth a son? But he has a foreign air, a *tournure* certainly too *distinguée* for a born and bred village beau, with their queer cut coats, indescribable hats, and unique, parti-coloured waistcoats. Well, I have some calls to make, so ride you over to the rectory, and inform little miss I shall expect her to-morrow, for a long day—long enough I shall find it! Before you go, Arthur, tell me if this bonnet is really becoming. What a horrid bore it is to be in a place so deserted! one is actually obliged to canvass for a compliment from a brother! You may smile. Well, go. By the way, if you think of it, you may inquire who the tall young man is."

"I will not forget. Adieu!" and the brother and sister separated.

And now we will more formally introduce them to our readers. Arthur Mynors and Lady Boscobel were the only children of a man whose bales of merchandize filled many warehouses, whose extent of wealth was supposed to be scarcely known to himself, and whose credit on 'Change and in market was alike fair and spotless. He was one of those men on whom Fortune never seemed weary of bestowing her choicest gifts, and who appeared to possess a special exemption from the sorrows and penalties which naughty Eve's unhappy predilection for forbidden fruit has entailed on her posterity. With him, whatever he undertook prospered. The very confidence which years of unclouded success inspired possibly assisted in its perpetuity. No evil augury ever shadowed his brain; no giant spectre of baffled hope and ruined expectation rose in his mind, to palsy its energies. The past gave assurance to the present, hope to the future. He determined, attempted, accomplished: neither did prosperity enervate or lessen his industry. The punctual and diligent habits of business adopted in youth by compulsion, became, from usage, agreeable; and inclination continued what necessity commenced.

Earlier at his counting-house than the lowliest of his *employés*, he was still the last to leave it. The love of money had "grown with his growth, and strengthened with his strength." The careful youth had degenerated into the avaricious, grasping man. He was, in the largest and most comprehensive meaning of the phrase, worldly. Self-interest was the mainspring of every action, the one motive which governed his thoughts, and words, and deeds. Only in one isolated, but most important instance — marriage — did he evince unworldliness. Ere he had completed his twenty-first year, he "fell in love" — I use the common term, because, what other phrase can express the total immersion of judgment, reason, and prudence, which led a man, so keenly alive as he was to policy and consequences, to forego all these considerations, and, with his then slender resources, offer his name and home, and an equal moiety of his yearly pittance, to a strolling actress! Yet so did he.

In a brief visit to a provincial town during the assizes, the pretty face and figure of the principal actress at the little theatre — Fanny Monroe — caught his eye, and fixed his affections. He offered, was accepted, and found too late, as thousands have done before him, that he had allied himself to beauty, indeed — but that he had also linked himself to a heartless, cunning, manœuvring woman. The marriage, short as it was — for Mrs. Mynors died in the third year, after giving birth to her second child, a daughter—was fruitful in contention and disunion. The sun of prosperity had not yet risen over Mr. Mynors' head, to lighten and dissipate their manifold cares: all was embarrassment, struggle, toil, till death ended the brief career of Mrs. Mynors. In the following year, a distant relative in India bequeathed to him an ample fortune. Then commenced that tide of ceaseless prosperity, which went on augmenting yearly, and never suffered ebb or diminution.

This introductory sketch has been deemed necessary to the development of the characters of those who enact our little history; a few words must also be devoted to the son and daughter of Mr. Mynors before we proceed to the action of our narrative.

Arthur Mynors was still on the books of Christ Church as student, but the long vacation at Oxford had afforded him opportunity to visit his sister, Lady Boscobel. Never existed two beings akin in relationship more alien in nature—he, frank, open, unsuspicious, with a heart overflowing with generous impulses, ardent, sensitive, trustful—she, a living embodiment of all the evil which tarnished the characters of both her parents. With her father's grasping avarice even exaggerated, she possessed in addition the low cunning, craft, and subtlety, of her artful and manœuvring mother.

Who could suspect that the light laugh, burning brow, and plausible address, masked a temperament so prone to error, that it only required the force of circumstances to deepen it into crime! With passions fierce and undisciplined, she had the consummate tact to appear soft, calm, passionless. Married, when only in her sixteenth year, to a poor patrician, she soon found that, in obeying her father's will, she had consigned herself to a position which had a thousand *désagrémens.* With an appetite for luxury unappeasable, she was yet compelled to a limited establishment and scant expenditure.

Vainly were all her blandishments used to induce her father to advance prospectively the fortune to which his death would entitle her. He turned a deaf ear to her intreaties. On her brother, over whom her ascendency was paramount, she drew largely. The little affection which she had for her husband soon evaporated with the practical experience of his contracted income. After a few years of matrimonial infelicity, he accepted—immediately prior to the commencement of our tale—a diplomatic appointment in Russia. The physician pronounced the climate too cold for her ladyship's constitution; and, as they were one of those couples who can live—ay, and very unrepiningly, too—though thousands of miles intervene between them, she remained, at his express desire, during his sojourn abroad, in occupancy of their small but pretty seat, Myrtle Grove, Heathfield.

And now turn we to its picturesque Rectory, and take a glimpse of its inmates. With Violet, the Rector's fair daughter, our interest chiefly rests. And truly, could we depict her in all her charms, we should enlist our reader's warmest sympathies. But what pen or pencil ever really conveyed the image of a faultlessly beautiful woman! Our artist has succeeded in portraying a lovely girl; but the thousand indefinable graces which living, breathing beauty possesses, are alike beyond his or our power to convey. The flowers are yet in her hand which she had culled for her father, as an offering prior to her departure, to pass the day with Lady Boscobel.

"Will papa be angry with his little girl, if she talks of auguries and presentiments, and tells him that this visit to Myrtle Grove has haunted her with a dread and terror utterly irrelevant to the occasion, yet resistless and overwhelming?"

"Nay, my child, banish these fantasies. That cousin Sigismund of yours" (sweet Violet, why that blush?) "has impregnated your imaginative mind with all his German mysteries. I verily believe that, if he stays with us much longer, you will people the woods about Heathfield with the demons of the Hartz mountains. But where is the boy loitering? Is he not included in the invitation? Ha! Sigismund, Violet and I were speaking of you. Come, you have no time to lose. God bless you, my children! Let me hear, on your return, that you have passed a happy day."

The little pony phaeton drove up to the door, and a brief half hour saw the cousins transported to Myrtle Grove.

"Coming events cast their shadows before."

Who has not attested the truth of the poet's words? Who, at some, perhaps many, periods of his life, has not felt that unconquerable, indefinable presentiment, which, struggle against as we may, we cannot cast aside, and which tells us that some event of dread or evil is about to darken our path. The "shadows are cast before;" we see them advancing, dim and visionary though the outline be, and we feel, when those shadows are moulded into form, that an epoch in our destiny will arrive, to meet and combat with as best we can. Morbid temperament, over-strained nerves, will not always give a solution for the apprehensive dejection which overwhelms us, and prostrates our every energy.

"There *are* more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in [any] philosophy." An unknown name, a strange spot, shall be casually mentioned—we hear of either for the first time, but the responsive thrill with which our hearts give echo to the words announces that associations hereafter shall be mingled with them, influential to our fate; that our happiness may be made or marred by their agency. Let us sneer at superstition as we will, let us beat it down with argument and reason, it is never quite vanquished. In every human breast there is a niche still left for its occupation. Even those who laugh at and deride it the most, often shiver at its voice, and obey its warning.

Vainly did Violet strive to overcome the weakness, for so herself termed it, which associated with her visit to Lady Boscobel something of the dread and terror that a criminal may feel at his approaching day of trial. Vainly did she combat with feelings, which, in reference to a mere interchange of the courtesies of society, seemed ridiculous and puerile. Were her apprehensions groundless? or did events prove that it was some mysterious instinct, whispering that doom and despair should issue from that day? Let us follow her in her onward course, and determine.

That one first visit to Myrtle Grove sufficed to its mistress to arrive at possession of the fact that Sigismund Herman—the "German cousin" of Violet—was enamoured of her, and also that her own brother Arthur appeared very much disposed to follow his example. She also discovered that this Sigismund was not only the handsomest and most intellectual being whom she had ever met with, but that it was possible for her, the flattered and envied, to covet the lowly lot of Violet Wentworth, if that destiny comprised also Sigismund Herman, as her husband and companion for life. There are impulses of evil, as of good; and, alas! fruition more frequently follows the one than attends the other. A virtuous design is, how often, diverted from its purpose, by difficulty or danger! But a criminal resolve, once taken, gains strength from every opposing obstacle that intercepts its completion. So was it in the case of Lady Boscobel.

The superior beauty of Violet, the interest which her brother, who had hitherto found charms in her smiles only, evinced in her, together with the incipient jealousy she felt from Sigismund's attachment to Violet, awoke in her breast the deadliest feelings of hate. Her purpose was at once taken. She would lure Sigismund from the side of the fair girl who had staked all her hopes of happiness on his love and faith, by instilling into his mind the belief that Violet's heart was not all his own, or whence the encouraging smiles accorded to her brother?—that brother, who, as her own mind had irrevocably decreed, should never marry, but enrich her children with his (hereafter) ample fortune. On him, she fancied, she could easily work: it was only to distil the poison in his ear that, if Violet did encourage his advances, it was not from his merits or attractions, but because he was heir to boundless wealth—knowing that it was his especial fear he should be loved for his riches, not for himself.

The intent of Lady Boscobel was speedily followed out. She professed a sudden and earnest friendship for Violet, who, innocent and unsuspecting, responded to the sympathy expressed, and returned it with unaffected sincerity. Days, weeks, months, progressed. The new friends were inseparable. But where was the peace, the unruffled calm, which had once blessed poor Violet? Fled—fled for ever! Could she blind herself to the fact that Sigismund was an apostate from his allegiance to her — that the blandishments of Lady Boscobel had consummated their evil work — and that she was that most pitiable of human victims, loving, where she was no longer beloved? Pride forbade her to complain, affection to reproach, principle to revenge. The period fixed for their union had passed. Some trifling subterfuge on his part had been offered as an excuse for its non-ratification.

What to her was the offered homage of Arthur Mynors?—though the endurance of it was used as the engine still further to divorce from her the heart of the one only loved.

But it may be asked, Where was Violet's father when this tissue of intrigue was weaving around his unhappy daughter? Prostrate in sickness. Had his vigilant eye been over her, to guard his treasure, he had quickly detected the under-current of treachery which was undermining her peace. But she had none to protect, none to save her; and the hour came, when, wrung with the simulated attention of Sigismund, sickened with the cold, enforced homage of the lip alone, she determined to dissolve for ever their yet implied engagement, and leave him to his unfettered will.

"Any certainty is better than suspense," is a common saying, and a true one. Violet had fluctuated for months between the extremes of hope and fear—hope that the better nature of Sigismund would have strength to break the Circean spell which enslaved him—fear that the too predominating passion of man, vanity, would falter at the prospect of relinquishing the delicious food, which the gentle flattery of a woman, admired and gifted like Lady Boscobel, was to him. She saw daily how faint and fainter gleamed the sun of hope; yet, not till its light was extinguished altogether, did she realize what it was to be alone with darkness. A ball was given at Myrtle Grove. During the pauses of the dance, Violet, fatigued with the glare and glitter around her, retired to the lawn, to commune with the quiet night, gaze on the holy stars, those interpreters at once of worlds of peace and brightness, and strive to gather, from the promise which lay in the cloudless heavens that spread in immortal beauty above her, fortitude to fight the fierce though bloodless battle of human destiny.

Engrossed with her own thronging thoughts, she heeded not the murmur of voices which met her ear, proceeding from within one of the temporary pavilions against which she was leaning, until she heard her own name pronounced repeatedly. She could not mistake the speakers. They were Lady Boscobel and Sigismund!

She heard him pour forth his impassioned vows of love—listened to the derisive laugh which accompanied his assurance to his companion that he had never really loved herself, or contemplated making her his wife. Then came the climax to her agonies: he proposed an elopement!

Shame to womanhood, the offer was not repulsed, though she to whom it was made internally ridiculed the very idea of publicly compromising herself for a poor German youth. But, with her usual intense cunning, none could detect that such were her feelings. She even talked of the time, the route, &c. Her heartless coquetry was gratified at this conclusive proof of her ascendency over him, that, for her sake, he was content to abandon Violet for ever. Poor victim! before their conversation was concluded, overtasked nature gave way, and she fell senseless on the ground.

She is recovered—is in her chamber once more at the Rectory, amidst night and solitude, to grapple with her doom. She slept not. In this she is scarcely to be pitied. In the first freshness of suffering, sleep is scarcely the boon to the wretched which some insist; for then, in the land of shadows, we are almost invariably carried back to the period immediately *antecedent* to the calamity which has prostrated us. We revel, in fancy, in a region of pleasantness and peace. We are still the proud inheritors of an affluence of undimmed hope, unbroken faith, unclouded prosperity—the joyous laugh with which the light words yet ring; we are the free, the unstricken. Ask not for sleep, ye new-made mourners over earth's frail idols!—ye who grovel in misery over the shattered fragments of the crumbling altars whereon your every earthly treasure was laid!—or, if ye ask, pray that that sleep be deepened into death—or beseech Him "who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb" to endow you with strength to bear the hour of returning consciousness.

It is said that boldly to examine and confront any grief is the first step towards its subjugation. It may be so when our sorrows are, so to speak, tangible *facts*, not when crushed and wounded *feelings* are the avenues and engines goading to pain. Then it were wiser to avert the gaze from the paraphernalia of torture, not seek to analyze its every ramification: this can only exasperate into more poignant anguish.

It were a saddening task to attempt to portray the state of Violet's mind on the morning after the discovery of the faithlessness and heartlessness of Sigismund. All colour had faded from her cheek, all light from her eye, all elasticity from her gait. So paralyzed within was every impulse of young, happy life, that, as she glided noiselessly about, with scarcely the stir of mortal existence, she seemed as if already disenthralled from earth.

She sought the little library at the Rectory, where she knew Sigismund was wont to pass his mornings, and stood before him. He started, as if suddenly in presence of a visitant from the dead, so unearthly was her hue and aspect. Was it guilt or remorse, which paled his own cheek and thrilled his frame, while gazing, with distended eyes, at the havoc he had himself wrought on one of earth's fairest and loveliest creatures! To attempt exculpation was vain. He knew that she was possessed of the full knowledge of his perfidy.

"What is it you desire of me, Violet? Let me know your wishes, and to hear will be to obey."

"I loved you fondly, Sigismund," she gasped out, with a forced and frightful calmness. "I loved you fondly; and the first love of a young, unpractised heart ought to have value. In the sports of infancy, the first flush of girlhood, you were my ever present companion, sharing my every joy, lightening my every transient care. You taught me to believe that I was to be your partner for life, through weal and woe—and now I hear you proclaim that you love another! Would that your infidelity to me were the only sin you had committed! Be content with one victim. Seek not to divorce a wife from her home, a mother from her children. Pause in your career of wrong, and fly from the temptation which you have not strength to resist. With me life is ended. I have no more to hope, no more to suffer. My forgiveness is yours, my wretchedness my own. Take back your every token of remembrance. Here, too — here, too"—and the sustained calmness was changed, the choking sob and trembling voice made the words scarcely audible—"here are your letters, your written promise of marriage—you are free. Farewell!"

Her task was done—her destiny sealed. She attempted to move towards the door: but, before she reached it, a wild scream of fearful laughter smote the startled ear of Sigismund—its echo was with him to life's last hour. He rushed to her side, and she turned on him the glare of insanity! Reason was gone for ever. Fever ensued; and, ere the close of the second week, the village bell was tolling its mournful music for the "Rector's Daughter!" The game of life was played out—she was at peace. They "whom the Gods love die young."

Her father survived her but a brief month. Sigismund returned to Germany.

Lady Boscobel, finding that rumour associated her as the cause of the catastrophe that had occurred, deemed it prudent to quit Myrtle Grove, and joined her husband in Russia. She is still the gay, the bewitching, the caressed—and such is human life.

THE UNFORGOTTEN.

BY MISS G. FANNY ROSS.

Forgotten thee! oh! if to dream about thee,
  Until those dreams my very life have been—
If what was happiness be grief without thee,
  As, without sunshine, dark the fairest scene—

If, other vow and homage still rejected,
I turned to bless the memory of thine—
If sudden wreck of joy so long expected
Could work no change in this fond heart of mine—
If fancy truth, and truth delusion be,
And hatred love—I have forgotten thee!

If to recall with fondest recollection
Each hour of intercourse refined and pure—
If to endow thee with each bright perfection,
From stranger-lips thy praises to secure—
If every look and smile in memory hoarded
Steal on my soul with all its former power—
If every tone within my heart recorded
Become the music of its after hour—
If none on earth can set my spirit free,
And this be nought—I have forgotten thee!

Forgotten thee! methinks thou little knowest
Of woman's love—her faith, her constancy.
Man! man! aside the priceless gem thou throwest,
As 'twere the common freight of life's rough sea.
Her heart's rich wealth in fear and trembling given,
Once yielded up, can never be withdrawn:
The rosy morn of love that lights her heaven,
Once overshadowed, has no second dawn:
Her life and love can never parted be—
Love is her life—*have I forgotten thee?*

THE GOOD ANGEL.

A LEGEND OF ITALY.

BY ELIZABETH YOUATT.

And if any painter drew her,
He would paint her, unaware,
With a halo round her hair.
Miss E. B. Barrett.

In the outskirts of Venice, in a lonely spot, chiefly inhabited by fishermen, dwelt, at the time of which we write, now better than a hundred years ago, a young girl named Luigia. She was an orphan, living quite alone, and supported herself by making Venice lace, at which she was very skilful. Every morning and evening Luigia went to the little, quaint-looking old church, to perform her devotions; and those walks and prayers seemed to be the only relaxation in which she allowed herself to indulge. But nothing more was wanting for health of body or peace of mind; and the girl sang over her work, generally hymns, and was as happy as the days were long.

No one would have thought of calling Luigia handsome. She was rather below the middle size, slight, and singularly pale, and wore her black, shining hair, which always looked as smooth and bright as though you could have seen your face in it, parted simply across her forehead. To be sure, she had large, dreamy-looking eyes, but they were rather loveable than beautiful, and seldom very clearly defined for the long dark lashes in which they sought to shroud themselves.

Although only a poor girl, working for her daily bread, there was a certain air of refinement about our heroine, arising partly from the delicate nature of her employment, and partly from her own timidity, that kept her at a distance from those with whom her lot in life seemed to be cast. And then, Luigia's tastes and habits were so different from theirs. But still they loved her — who could help it? — and had reason to bless the day when she came among them, for she did a world of good. Luigia had not much to give; but kind words will make a little go a great way. It needs not to be rich, or beautiful, in order to be beloved, but only to be gentle and good.

Luigia was not without her admirers; but she dismissed them one after another, in her quiet, simple manner, declaring that she had no time for flirting, and was too happy to wish to alter her present mode of life. Some thought her cold and proud, while others prophesied that she would end by turning nun: but the girl loved the free air and the glad sunshine too well for that, and felt that there was more good to be done out of a convent than in, if one had but the mind.

We have said that above half the population consisted of fishermen. Among these we would particularly notice one, Paul Vellotti, distinguished from his companions as much by his skill and courage as for his idle recklessness and wild daring; but, from the time of Luigia's first coming among them, a total change had passed over him. Not far from the old, half-ruined church, to which the poor people came on a Sabbath day for miles around, there being no other in the neighbourhood, was a rude stone bench, where Paul Vellotti was wont to lie and watch the different groups as they went slowly past. And here it was that he first encountered the half timid, half pitying glance of those large, earnest eyes, which were henceforth to be the stars of his destiny.

The appearance of the young fisherman was striking in the extreme; with his fine, athletic form, and bold, dauntless glance. The raven hair was swept back from his high brow, and a small scarlet cap, placed carelessly on one side, looked picturesque enough. So that Luigia may be excused for glancing once again from beneath her long eyelashes, as she passed that same stone bench, on the following Sabbath. And when he took the cap reverently in his hand, and rose and followed her, her heart beat strangely. That day, the girl's devotions were unusually long and fervent. Oh, who has not often need of poor Luigia's prayer—"Deliver me from my wandering thoughts!"

Paul Vellotti knelt by her side. Ah, if we could read one another's hearts! Thank God, that is impossible, or what shame would be ours! And yet He reads them, and we forget to tremble—He, who is so good and holy! From that time, Vellotti went regularly to the old church.

It was a calm summer evening. One feels the better for being out in such — we had almost said, the holier. Luigia walked onwards, happy and rejoicing; she was going to pour out her full heart in prayer and thanksgiving to the Eternal Creator of so beautiful a world, but paused on the grass-grown threshold of the sacred edifice, to look back upon the glorious cloud-land she was leaving. Paul Vellotti rose from the stone bench at her approach, and, speaking for the first time, asked her to pray for him, that they might have a fair wind for their fishing that night. A deep crimson blush lit up Luigia's pale face, as she smiled upon him, and went into church.

A dark ominous sunset ended the bright day. And then came on gradually one of the wildest storms ever known within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. It was sad to hear the wailing of the wives and mothers of those exposed to its pitiless fury. Luigia went among them like an angel of pity, while the little children hushed their wild sobs at the sound of her gentle voice, and gathered fondly around her.

"It is well," said a young girl bitterly, whose lover was among those doomed men; "it is well for her that she can be so calm and passionless, who has no life at stake in which her own is wrapt up."

The storm still raged, but less violently; and every now and then a boat came in, the owners of which were received with frantic joy, and immediately assailed by a thousand questions as to those who were still missing. Luigia knelt apart, with clasped hands and uplifted eyes.

"Save him!" she exclaimed — "the young, the brave-hearted! Oh, let us once more worship together in Thy presence! If my thoughts have too frequently wandered from Thee to him, let mine be the punishment—but spare Vellotti!" She paused with a sudden shriek—the answer to her prayers stood before her.

"Luigia—my own Luigia!" exclaimed the young fisherman. He flung his arms around her, and she laid her head upon his bosom and wept—she whom they had called so cold and proud.

That night, Paul Vellotti told her how he had loved her from the very first, and prayed that he might be worthy of her; and, forsaking all his old habits, become diligent and industrious for her sake; and how he had called her his "good angel," until such times as he might venture to ask her to be his little wife: all of which made the simple Luigia very happy; and she never thought to conceal from him that such was the case. She could not but wonder at his loving her, for she knew that she was not beautiful, like other girls: and then it was so new, and pleasant withal, to be contradicted in the assertion with many tender and passionate words, and told that in his eyes there was not her equal in the whole world! But all this time the storm swept round them, and the rain came down in torrents; so that the girl's thin garments and long hair were quite wet. Paul Vellotti was the first to remember this, with many misgivings and self-accusations at his own carelessness, and to hurry her home, having obtained permission to come the following day to see how she was.

Long did Luigia stand before her little mirror on that night, braiding up her damp tresses, and gazing upon her own pale, sweet face, as if seeking to discover there the charm that had won her such a lover as Paul Vellotti. But in vain; it was still a mystery; and she could only rejoice, and be thankful for this new-found happiness. There must ever mingle a deep and solemn feeling of responsibility with the joy of such an hour. A woman trembles while she exults in her influence, and is wise if she seeks the aid of a higher power to enable her to use it aright. Vellotti had called her his "good angel;" and long did Luigia pray that it might be ever thus.

Slow her heart beat, as she sat at work the following morning, in her neat but humble apartment. How many mistakes she made in her delicate employment, and then, smiling to herself, set to work to rectify them, with a patient sweetness.

"I cannot think what ails me to-day," thought poor Luigia. And presently down went the lace again, while her glance wandered eagerly through the little casement to the narrow street beyond. "I should know his walk among a thousand," continued she. And then, retreating hastily to her seat, she resumed her work with renewed diligence, having recognized in the distance that proud, free step. "It will not do to let him see that I have been watching for him," murmured Luigia to herself. It was the first thought or action of her young life that she had ever sought to conceal.

Touched by the simple dignity of her manners, Paul Vellotti contented himself with kissing the little hand so warmly extended, and, sitting down by her side, inquired anxiously after her health, and was glad to find that it had not suffered by his imprudence.

"But you have not told me yet," said he, with a triumphant glance at the burning cheek of his companion, "what took you to the sea-beach last night in that pitiless storm — you, who had neither father, nor brother, nor lover, then to tremble for —and who it was I overheard you supplicating Heaven to restore?"

Luigia covered her face with her hands.

"Spare me," said she. "It was very foolish."

"What was foolish, dear one?"

"Then you did not hear all?" And she lifted up her large, dark eyes, earnestly to his.

"Every word, my Luigia."

"Ah, you will despise me!" exclaimed the girl, shrinking timidly back.

"No—no, indeed! And so you thought of and prayed for me? Doubtless, it was to those sweet prayers I owed my safety. Oh, Luigia, you know me not! I have been sinful and reckless from my very boyhood. Pray for me still, sweet one, that I may be made worthier of your precious love."

Luigia could not answer; she could not even look at him. She had rested upon his shoulder, and she wept long and soothingly; while Vellotti yearned to kiss away her tears, and dared not. And then he drew from her how she had loved, and could not help thinking of him, half fearing that it was wrong; and never once venturing to hope that her affection might be returned. It was that love which had made her brave, in her agony and fear, all the fury of the elements for his sake. But she had heard very much that grieved, and made her half afraid of him. And well she might be; for Vellotti, as we have said, did not bear the best of characters. "But why should we be less willing to forgive one another," argued Luigia, "than Heaven to forgive us all, however deeply we may have sinned, if we do but repent, and turn from the evil of our ways?"

"And you will be mine? You will trust your future happiness to me?"

The girl hesitated. Her faith in him was very good—but it was all so sudden, and she so young. What if they were to wait—say a year? In the end, however, Vellotti pleaded so successfully, that the time of probation was shortened to half that period. But Luigia was firm against all further entreaties, giving him permission to visit her in the mean time as often as he chose; and thinking how pleasant it would be for them to go to the old church together on the Sabbath-day, praying for and with one another.

"How lonely you must be, living here all by yourself," said Paul Vellotti, glancing round the humble apartment of the little lace-maker.

"Never, hitherto," replied she simply: "but I shall be now, I dare say."

Luigia exacted no promise from him for the future, nor did he offer to make any, but vowed inwardly in his heart to be worthier of her, if Heaven spared him. He loved her—the pure, the good, the pious Luigia! That was his talisman!

Months glided on. Industrious and happy, Paul Vellotti lived a new life, under the gentle influence of his betrothed bride, and never heeded how she withered away day by day. But then, Luigia was always well when he came, and he remembered noticing her extreme paleness the first time they had ever met. She had caught cold on that wild night, when she sought him amid the tempest, the effects of which were eating away her young life. But how could she tell him this?—him who loved her so much—whose very existence seemed bound up in hers? After a while, Luigia grew too weak to go as far as the old church, and was at length entirely confined to the house. Still Vellotti hoped on, telling her that she would be better soon, when the bright spring-time came again. Nay, she *must* be better; for, had she not promised to be his bride then? Alas for human promises and human hopes!

It was thought that his wild agony, when the truth broke upon him at last, hastened the very event which he had so much cause to dread. It was in vain that Luigia sought to soothe those passionate lamentations by her tears and kisses; that she hoped to be his "good angel" still, even in death. Vellotti was like one distracted; he would not hear a word on the subject, acting as if his love could keep her with him on earth, and never leaving her again until all was ended. He had a confused recollection, afterwards, of her promising, if permitted, still to hover over him; of her having died blessing him: but otherwise, all was one sad and fearful blank!

Great afflictions either subdue or harden. With Paul Vellotti it proved the latter. To escape from himself, he plunged afresh into all his old habits, until the recollection of the pure and good Luigia seemed like a reproach; and yet he could not forget her. Lower and lower did the unhappy man sink into poverty, and wretchedness, and crime, while fainter and fainter grew the light of memory —the star that might have guided and preserved him.

"Oh, if Luigia had but lived!" said his companions. But perhaps it was best not; and even her presence would have been powerless to save the unfortunate victim of his own wild and ungovernable passions. If we could but see into the future, we should seldom weep for the early dead.

Who has not heard of Alessandro Stradella, one of the finest composers of vocal music, with the exception, perhaps, of Carissimi, of the 17th century: and celebrated alike for his romantic history and rare genius? Shortly before the period of which we write, he had been employed by a Venetian nobleman to instruct his mistress, a young and beautiful girl of patrician family. A strong and mutual attachment took place between them, and they married and fled to Rome, pursued by the stern and unrelenting vengeance of the forsaken Venetian.

It was evening. Stradella was engaged to play and sing the principal part in an oratorio of his own composing, at the church of San Giovanni Laterano; and many, instigated by curiosity or some better feeling, thronged to the sacred edifice upon this occasion — connoisseurs, devotees, the young, the noble, and the beautiful, old men and women, and little children — some in silence, others talking of the gifted composer, as they came along. Hushing their voices all of a sudden, and crossing themselves devoutly, they passed within the church, and up the dimly-lighted aisles, to their accustomed place.

But there were two among the crowd who went no further than the exterior, where they stood whispering together beneath the shadow of a projecting column.

"Surely he will come?" said one, in a hoarse voice.

"No fear of that. You hear how they all expect him. But we must wait until it is darker."

"Would it were well over!" observed his companion, wrapping his tattered mantle closer about him, and shivering in that soft, summer air, but not with the cold.

Presently, the glad tones of a girlish voice were heard singing in the distance; and the man bent eagerly forward to listen. It may be that he could remember that same hymn, years ago, when he was innocent and happy. Nearer and nearer it came; and he felt sorry when it ceased at length; and the peasant-girl, passing by without perceiving him, went demurely into church.

And now a carriage dashed up to the entrance. It was the composer himself; but he was late, and hurried. The features of Alessandro Stradella were irregular and far from handsome, but had, nevertheless, something striking in their bold and careless expression; while his form is said to have been remarkable for its faultless symmetry. He was accompanied by the beautiful Hortensia. Her large, brilliant eyes wandered restlessly around, and settled at length upon the dark figures of the two men before mentioned, as they crept still further beneath the deep shadow of the building.

"You tremble, dearest," said Stradella.

"Have I not cause? They are there again! The very same I pointed out to you this morning on the Corso!"

"And what then, my Hortensia?"

"They are Venetians."

"Well?"

"Hired by *him*, perhaps, to destroy you!"

The composer laughed lightly.

"Come," said he; "we are late. Anyhow, they must wait until after the oratorio!"

Hortensia shuddered as she followed him, still keeping her eyes fixed with a species of fascination upon the objects of her too prophetic dread.

The assassins looked at each other, and a strange smile flitted over their stern and ghastly features—a terrible smile to see on a human face.

"Stradella has good taste," said one. "She is very beautiful!"

"And must they both die?"

"Our orders were not positive on that subject. To confess the truth, I am willing enough to spare the girl, if I were sure she would not recognize and get us into trouble."

"No, no; on second thoughts, it is best they both perish together—and most merciful."

"Be it so," replied his companion, doggedly: and the doom of that young and loving pair was sealed.

The crowd of worshippers that poured into the church became gradually less dense, until there remained only a few stragglers, who hurried on with rapid steps; and presently the doors were closed, and the two assassins stood alone in the darkness, with the solemn tones of the organ falling indistinctly on their ears. Neither spoke; but there was a stern determination on their pale and reckless features.

"Will you not enter, signors?" said a low, gentle voice, at length; and, starting from his gloomy reverie, the younger looked up, and saw standing by his side a slight, female form, attired like a common peasant, and having her veil drawn closely over her face. She pointed towards the church, and, moving forward a few steps, again paused.

"Let us go!" exclaimed the assassin.

"Are you mad, Vellotti?" asked his companion. "What should *we* do there?"

"What, indeed?" and he drew back, and covered his face with his hands. When he looked up again, the form still lingered.

"No, no, my good girl," said the other; "you need not wait. We have other business to-night; and my friend and I do not attend church very regularly." He turned away with a light, mocking laugh, as he spoke; but the form never moved.

"Just for once!" pleaded the strangely-sweet voice again.

Vellotti seemed under the influence of a spell.

"Just for once!" repeated he to his companion, as he followed her now retreating figure into the church. And the other went in also, muttering curses between his clinched teeth, and at the same time involuntarily removing the tattered cap from his head.

Vellotti was standing upright, staring about him like one in a dream, until a kind old woman next him, taking compassion on his wild, excited looks, whispered him to kneel like the rest; and the unhappy man bowed down his head, and wept for the first time for years. Never had he heard such strains before; his heart melted within him; and, upon turning round, at length, in search of his companion, he beheld him also weeping like a child. But the peasant girl, their guide—she of the sweet voice—had disappeared, and he never saw her again.

That voice—what memories had it awakened! bringing back the past, as though it were but yesterday, and pregnant with holy and prayerful associations. Once more it seemed to be singing beside him, as of yore; but, when he looked, there was no one save the old woman; and all of a sudden it occurred to him that it must be singing now in heaven. The last words of the dying Luigia came back at that moment with a strange distinctness, little as he had heeded them at the time, in the wild agony of bereavement, how she had promised, if permitted, still to watch and hover over him. And it came into his mind, like a lightning flash, that none other but that gentle and loving spirit had lured him thither, weaning his heart from the fearful crime, which, goaded on by poverty and despair, he had been about to perpetrate, and striving with it even now, perhaps, that he might repent, and turn from the error of his ways.

Once again the good old woman had to touch his shoulder, and remind him that the people had almost all left the church. His companion waited for him beneath the portico. They looked at one another with moist eyes.

"Vellotti," said he, earnestly, "Alessandro Stradella is safe for me. I would not harm him for double the reward. The saints forgive me for ever entertaining such a thought!"

"Amen!" murmured Paul Vellotti.

"To be sure, poverty is a fearful thing; and still more when those we love suffer with us; but not so bad as murder! Curses on the proud Venetian and his gold!"

"Blessings, rather, to the 'good angel,' who has preserved us both! But, hush!—they are here —Stradella and his bride: let us warn them."

The beautiful Hortensia uttered a faint shriek on recognising the objects of her secret dread; and even Stradella turned pale, and laid his hand upon his sword.

"You have nothing to fear," said Paul Vellotti.

"Fear! Not I, my friends. But what is it you seek?"

"But now, your life!—and, for that purpose, tracked you from Venice hither."

"Ah!" exclaimed the composer, somewhat startled; while Hortensia nestled closer to his bosom, as if to die with him, but had no strength to speak or scream.

Paul Vellotti then confessed everything, even to the appearance of the woman, or the angel, who had saved them all: and none present seemed inclined to smile at so wild a revelation. Perhaps Stradella himself was the least affected: being naturally of a proud, fearless disposition, he had little faith in the supernatural; although he could not but be thankful to Heaven for his escape. And when the fishermen spoke of their trials, their poverty, Hortensia took the jewels from her hair, and the bracelets of massive gold from her white arms, and pressed the gift upon them with tears and blessings.

That night Stradella and his bride fled to Turin, still pursued by the deadly vengeance of their relentless enemy, which never slumbered again until satiated at length with the blood of his victims. The melancholy history of this ill-fated pair must be familiar to most of our readers, and it has been too frequently and eloquently narrated to need comment from us, being merely mentioned in connection with another and a far humbler individual, whose future we prefer dwelling upon.

Paul Vellotti returned to his native city, an altered man. It was whispered that he had had a fortune left him: and, truly, he did seem rich for one in his station; but then, all were the better for it. Pale, and changed, and gray-headed, with a clear, tranquil brow, and eyes that had grown dim with weeping, he attended service morning and evening at the old church; while the poor blessed him as he went in and out. When any one came to thank him for that seasonable relief which he was always so ready to afford, Vellotti was wont to tell him that it was not he, but Luigia, who sent it them from heaven—the young and pious Luigia, whom they must all remember. Some thought him out of his senses; while others reminded one another how he had always said that Luigia was his "good angel." And truly, it would seem as if she were theirs too. Oh, yes; who did not remember the little lace-maker, with her pale, sweet face, large, dreamy eyes, and low, gentle voice, just like a strain of music? Such was the influence of the good and pure-hearted; not only over the one who loved her, and whom she loved, but the many among whom she moved like a bright dream. And yet Luigia was only a poor girl, and worked for her daily bread!

After all, the veiled figure that appeared to Paul Vellotti, at the church of San Giovanni Laterano, inviting him to enter, might have had nothing supernatural in it; and that gentle voice, vibrating strangely on the chords of memory and association, might be only one of those many agencies by which an all-powerful Creator touches and draws the hearts of His sinful and rebellious children back again towards the sweet rest from which they have wandered. Anyhow, it was strange and incomprehensible — a beautiful mystery, never to be solved on earth.

But of this one thing we are sure — that it is in the power of any of us, with prayer and painstaking —more especially the former—to become the "good angel of those we love." "To the gentle," says an American writer, "how many will be gentle! — to the kind, how many will be kind! How many does a lovely example win to goodness! How many does meekness subdue to a like temper, when they come into its presence! How many does sanctity purify!" And then, speaking of the departed, he adds—"How beautiful is the ministration by which those who are gone thus appeal to us, comfort us, guide, gladden, bless us!" May all those who read this little history study diligently, by God's help, to become, living or dead, "good angels" in their several spheres!

MEETINGS AND PARTINGS.

BY MISS G. FANNY ROSS.

For ever, like the seaweed tost
  Upon the restless wave,
The footprints of our path are lost,
  Until we reach the grave—

For ever, on, without repose,
  Weak wanderers through Life's press
Of hasty joys, and hasty woes,
  And lengthened weariness.

Now here, now there, our steps abide,
  Then something spurs us on—
A few short hours bear back the tide—
  We came, and we are gone!

But still upon our pilgrimage
We pause awhile, and lo!
In some fresh ties and hopes engage,
That make it sad to go:

Leave portions of the heart behind,
In every resting-place,
And in the broken fragments find
Some added sorrow's trace;

Some new acquaintance changed too soon
To friends we fear to lose:
We never can our hearts attune,
But some rent chord ensues.

Ah! every farewell wafts away
Some music from our lives,
Until at last, in our decay,
Scarce one sweet note survives.

Yet who would yield such soft regret,
Indifference to prove—
Or say, "Alas! that e'er we met!"
Of those we leave and love?

No—rather bless the transient joy,
Though sad its parting be,
And feel, nor time nor space destroy
The links of memory.

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VAN DYKE'S WOOING

VAN DUNK'S WOOING.

BY J. FORBES DALTON, ESQ.

> "Pyg—what's his name?—Pygmalion,
> Who carved his mistress out of stone,
> Had not so hard a hearted one."
>
> Butler.

Mynheer Van Dunk, of Amsterdam, instead of drinking "his brandy and water gaily and daily," after the fashion of his namesake, of glee celebrity, for many years led a life of plodding and plotting industry and orderly Dutch sobriety, eating heartily, but never allowing himself during the day (save on extraordinary occasions) more than thirteen well-filled pipes of tobacco as "aids to reflection."

It was his lot to live and thrive in the palmy days of the United Provinces, when, having shaken off the Spanish yoke, their power and commerce had extended in all directions, and increased with unparalleled rapidity, particularly in the East Indies. The results were a vast accession to private and public wealth, the introduction of previously unknown luxuries, and, as matters of course, great changes in fashion, and an immense increase in the wants and wishes of the community in general, but more especially of the rich traders: these, according to the mercantile phrase, set about "feathering their nests" in a style far different from the simplicity of their immediate forefathers, who, content with plain deal furniture within, and the indispensable coats of paint without, had contrived snugly to brave wind and weather during the roughest times.

Mynheer Van Dunk was, however, an exception to the general rule. His expressed opinions of the newly imported hard woods from Africa and America, and, indeed, of all the multifarious produce of either Ind, varied exceedingly, according to his relative position as buyer or seller; yet he estimated them highly as articles of traffic; for, being a general merchant, he was very fond of having what the Americans call a "spec" in any commodity that happened to be in the market. And thus, his whole mind and time being devoted to the study and inspection of the kinds and qualities of spice, rice, gums, ivory, cotton, &c., his household establishment continued in its pristine simplicity till the time came when, through the lapse of years, his bodily frame waxed fat and unwieldy, and certain unmistakeable symptoms (among which may be reckoned an indifferent "spec" or two) indicated that he could not keep his eyes so wide open as formerly, when driving a bargain. Then he determined to elevate his only son, Jan, (whom he had previously kept in the background, and almost servilely employed) to the rank of a partner, and, having made that arrangement, he continued to smoke and grumble about the change in times for the space of a few months, when his overfed lamp of life suddenly went out, and he was gathered to his fathers, leaving his son the sole inheritor of all his accumulations.

Though few readers may be disposed to admit it as a truth, supposing it to happen in their own proper persons, the sudden accession to great wealth is a perilous and awkward position to the young and inexperienced; and Jan Van Dunk was both. His education, since being taught to read and write in his boyhood, had been entirely neglected, save in the art of book-keeping and the inferior duties of a warehouse; and the consequence was that, when he found himself a rich man and his own master at two and twenty, he had neither the mind, habits, manners, nor, sooth to say, the look of a person accustomed to good society. Still, as he was not addicted to any particular vice, these deficiencies might have been of no very great importance, had he felt content to move in the circle trod by his plodding father; but it so happened that he had cast his longing eyes in a different direction, and often felt as though in danger of being "blinded by excess of light" when gazing on the placid countenance of Margaretta Van Zoest, a young lady with whom he had never exchanged a word, and of whose birth, parentage, and education, it is now proper to give some account.

She belonged to a class very different from that of the Van Dunks, whose industry was doubtless exceedingly beneficial to the community: but, in order to raise a whole people so high in the scale of nations as the point then attained by the United Provinces, a combination of every kind of talent and energy was, and ever must be, absolutely necessary. The venturous capitalist, willing to risk his merchandize upon the ocean, needs the more adventurous and hardy seaman, willing to risk health, life, and limb in every quarter of the globe; and both must be protected by gallant hearts, whose "home is on the deep," or their brave brothers in arms on shore, who, far from home and friends, are destined to guard hard-won colonies, where the foe is ever upon the alert, and "the pestilence walketh in darkness." Yet, little might avail the spirit of adventure or the ardour of patriotic self-devotion, were they not under the control and guidance of the experienced statesman, the astute politician, and the practised commander.

Let it suffice here to say that the United Provinces were not deficient in such characters, and that the father of the fair Margaretta had done his country good service as a diplomatic resident at Batavia, whence he had, in the course of duty, visited China, Malabar, Bengal, Borneo, and other places in the East, and at length returned home with a store of information and experience then possessed by few, and which caused his society to be much sought by the magnates of the land, while the plodders, like old Van Dunk, shrugged their shoulders, and thought little of him for not having come back, according to general custom, with a large fortune.

Such, however, seems not to have been his aim, as his intervals of leisure (frequently of great length, as all correspondence went round by the Cape of Good Hope) were devoted to the investigation of the history, antiquities, manners, and customs of the various oriental people and tribes, then little known to the European world; and thus, by degrees, his manuscripts and drawings had accumulated so prodigiously as to terrify the boldest bibliopolist in Amsterdam, when offered for publication. A selection was all that could be thought of; and, to render that as valuable and instructive as possible, was a task to which the author devoted much of the remainder of his days, but lived not to complete.

In the mean while, what leisure hours he allowed himself were enlivened by visits to and from the ruling persons of the city, and twice in every week his house was the evening rendezvous of the most eminent in science, arts, and literature.

Under such circumstances, it is difficult to conceive a greater contrast between the lives of two young people than those of Margaretta and of Jan Van Dunk. How he could think of her for a moment was wonderful; and truly, it sometimes appeared wonderful to himself, as he, unseen, would sit with his eyes fixed upon her with a feeling akin to idolatry. Rich as he somewhat proudly felt himself, he was conscious of his own deficiencies. There is always hope of a man when that is the case. But how was he to approach her? That was a question which puzzled him grievously. He dared not consult any of his young acquaintance, for fear of being subject to their ridicule; so, after much thought, (and he might have done worse) he resolved to open his mind to Mynheer Ryklop Van Riebeek, a shrewd old lawyer, who had for many years managed his father's money affairs, and consequently was well acquainted with his own.

"Give me till to-morrow to think it over," said the man of deeds, after listening patiently to his client's pathetic rigmarole of hope, despair, and tribulation; "I'll endeavour to contrive something. I've known worse cases carried through the court of

Cupid, when there was plenty of money. Women are—hem! I think I ought to know something about 'em, as I've had three wives. So, leave yourself in my hands. Good night;" and, shaking his young friend's hand, Ryklop Van Riebeek went home, shut himself up in his private office, and, by the time he had finished his third pipe, began, as he said, "to see daylight," and in consequence of that mental glimpse through the darkness that overshadowed the prospects of his client, he paid a visit the next morning to the widow Van Zoest.

They were both rather facetious persons, and had arrived at that period of life when such folks are apt to treat the tender passion and all its whimsical effects on the sufferers with a degree of levity sadly unbecoming the importance of the subject. The widow laughed loud and right heartily, while the lawyer cachinnated in a minor key till the first relish of the joke was past; and then he prevailed on her seriously to incline her ear, while he did a tale unfold concerning so many hundreds of thousands of florins that her head seemed quite bewildered, and divers magnificent fancies concerning her daughter's future greatness had already flitted before the eye of her imagination, when an unwelcome doubt concerning the said daughter obtruded itself. This, with her reasons for admitting it, she made known at some length to Van Riebeek, and forthwith they had a long conversation, in the course of which he was so fortunate as to convince her of the excellence of his intended plan of action, and to extract a promise of secrecy.

"The least whisper," said he, "and it's all up."

"To be sure," said she; "Margaretta is not like other girls of her age. But you needn't fear me. I see it's the only way."

The mother was perfectly right. Margaretta was not like other girls. After the completion of what was considered a highly finished education, she was but upon the threshold of the studies which she afterwards pursued with her father, not as wearisome tasks, but labours of love. For the last two years of his life she had been his constant companion and assistant in preparing his work for the press; and thus, and from the conversation of the intellectual and well-informed persons with whom he associated, she was enabled to gratify a natural thirst after knowledge. But, alas for Jan Van Dunk! this second education had hardened her heart against all the pomps and vanities of this wicked world. She looked down upon wealth, and acknowledged no superiority but that of mind; and, moreover, though gifted by nature with a warm and affectionate disposition, she had contracted a calmness and self-possession of character and manner which people generally attributed to coldness of heart; but, doubtless, the habit of spending so much time with elder stoics of the other sex had not been without its influence.

When Ryklop Van Riebeek had established a good understanding with the widow, he repaired forthwith to his anxious client, and informed him that he had "broken the ice," and then warned him against the dangers of precipitation.

"Many a man," said he, "has lost his chance by popping the question too soon. Don't frighten her."

"Me frighten her!" nervously ejaculated Jan; "I—I—don't think I could speak to her."

"Well, then, don't," said Riebeek; "no need. Better not. Keep in the background. Those literary coteries, or whatever they call 'em, are capital for that. You will go as my friend, and make your own observations. Who knows? Perhaps, when you see more of her, you won't think quite so much of her."

"Don't talk in that way, pray! Her image—there is no other—never!" stuttered Jan; and, clasping his hands, he essayed a rueful look of rapture, for he scarcely dared to hope.

"Well," observed the lawyer, "if you go with me two or three times, and don't interrupt the conversatione, as they sometimes call the meetings, you can go again by yourself regularly twice a week;

and when you have once got a footing in the house, court the old lady. That's my advice."

Jan Van Dunk was very grateful, and promised to follow such excellent counsel, and in due course was introduced to both mother and daughter. The only glimpses he had previously enjoyed of his enslaver were stolen at church, or some of the musical meetings held by his countrymen in the open air; so the privilege of sitting in the same room with her and hearing her voice was a step gained.

As may be inferred from what has been already said of her character, Margaretta's attention at these reunions was given to more intellectual pleasures than scrutinizing the manners and appearance of the mere audience; and much did her admirer marvel at the evident interest with which she would listen to long discussions that tended rather to confuse than to enlighten his untutored mind. "But," thought he to himself, "it's plain that she understands what the old fellows are talking about, and so will I, before long, or I'm no Dutchman;" and, accordingly, he gave his delighted bookseller a general order for all the best works on a considerable variety of subjects. It was the first time he had dealt in commodities of which he knew not the value, but it turned out to be a lucky spec, as, on the morning after they were sent home, Margaretta called on the said bookseller to contract for the loan of an expensive work on natural history, and was told that the only copy in Amsterdam had been bought up by Mynheer Van Dunk, a gentleman who was forming a library on a liberal scale.

The young lady did not at first recollect his name, so totally had all his peepings and glances been thrown away; but, on ascertaining that he was the young friend of the old lawyer, she went home perfectly content, and at their next meeting very coolly asked him if he would trust her with the work in question, for the purpose of elucidating a passage in her father's manuscripts.

It was the first time she had spoken to him more than the customary words of welcome and farewell; and, as he felt the blood tingling in his cheeks and her fair form seemed swimming in a mist before him, he stammered—"Trust you! oh, dear! yes —anything—everything. I'll—I'll—go and fetch them;" and he was about to bolt out of the room, when Madame Van Zoest seized his arm, and, observing that to-morrow morning would be time enough, insisted on his not depriving himself of the pleasure of hearing Professor Zwaardekroon, who was about to speak.

Jan had carried many a heavy parcel in his father's time, but never one that so thoroughly warmed him as the two folio volumes with which he ascended the widow's stairs on the following day; but, instead of being ushered into the presence of the ladies, he presently found himself closeted with the professing lion of the last evening, who, pouncing on the books as a vulture on its prey, took some matter therein as a text, and commenced a long, desultory oration, of which Jan understood nothing, (for his mind was absent) till at the conclusion the speaker said, "I am sure you must agree with me. Do you not, my dear sir?"

"Oh, yes, yes, perfectly," said Jan, and at the moment the door opened to admit Margaretta and her mother, at whose appearance the learned enthusiast jumped up, and said that it was a pity they had not come sooner, as he had enjoyed a very interesting conversation with their young friend, who had evidently studied the matter deeply, and perfectly coincided with him in opinion on certain abstruse points not commonly understood.

Now, Jan had a due respect for truth, and was about to repudiate this tremendous misrepresentation, when the widow seized his hand and shook it most heartily, and Margaretta extended hers with as much frankness as though he were a brother; and, having briefly returned thanks for his confidence, incontinently took possession of one of the volumes, and began to devour its contents with as much avidity as though she had been a regular professor. That he had afforded her evident pleasure was indeed a delight to Jan; and, as he beheld her snowy arm wave gracefully round, and, as it were, caress his volume, he waxed quite ecstatic, and soliloquized something like—"Oh, that I were a leaf within that book, to be so favourably looked upon by those bright eyes and turned over by that fair hand!"

While he thus watched the daughter, the mother as narrowly watched him, and her more homely soliloquy was — "As fairly caught and pickled for our own use as any herring in the barrel." Meanwhile, the erudite professor, after expressing his not unusual over-estimation of a silent auditor, had retired into a corner, where, crouched upon a low stool, with his head buried in the other folio volume, which was supported by his knees, he pored over its contents, in utter oblivion of all present.

In these several positions the parties remained in silence for some minutes, and then Jan, happening to look that way, caught the eyes of Madame Van Zoest fixed upon him very intently, and thereupon he "started like a guilty thing;" but anon the arch expression of the lady's countenance assured him that he had not offended her, and forthwith his heart waxed warm within him, and his courage rose exceedingly as he called to mind the good counsel of his friend, old Riebeek.

Perhaps the widow read what was passing in his mind, for she instantly invited him to go with her into another apartment to inspect certain rare cabinets, screens, table-covers, and vases, brought by her late husband from the East, and, leaning heavily on his arm as they went along the corridor, she sighed and observed that she didn't believe her daughter had a heart for anything but books.

Jan sighed in his turn, and ventured to hope she was mistaken; and so, "the ice being broken," a long and confidential interview took place, far too long to be here abridged, but happily terminating, as is customary when both parties have the same end in view, in a complete understanding relative to future proceedings.

"Margaretta," said the widow, "has often declared she will never marry; but that's all nonsense. I remember I said so once. However, she's not quite eighteen, and I don't think I should consent till she comes of age." Here Jan groaned. "Time enough," continued the lady. "Remember, Jacob served fourteen years . . . ."

"No, ma'am; only seven."

"Yes, I recollect—seven for each wife. Thank God, *those* days have gone by! One wife's quite enough for any man, I'm sure. Don't you think so?"

"Too much!" exclaimed the agitated swain.

"Oh! if it ever should be my lot, I would devote my whole . . . ."

"Fiddle de dee!" cried the widow. "Don't talk nonsense, even to me; and as for her, mind! if ever, by word, ay, or by look either, you let her know that you love her, before you've good reason to suppose that she feels you know what — and mind, I'll tell you when that happens — 'it's all up,' as Van Riebeek says. She'd never see you again — no, never. But — hush! I hear them coming."

The designing, worldly-wise parent was perfectly right again in calculating on her daughter's conduct; for Margaretta, in after years, often declared that the slightest suspicion of Jan's motives, at the commencement of their acquaintance, would have compelled her to put an end to it at once; for the pride in conquest, for conquest's sake, was repugnant to her feelings: and as for "thinking seriously" of one whose education had been so miserably neglected—that was out of question.

As matters were, Jan set to work with the dogged resolution of his countrymen. He called to mind that many of his father's best specs had "hung on hand" even for years, but that the old man ever waited patiently till, as he said, "the pear was ripe;" and even so the son determined to watch and bide his time; for, though the fruit he longed for was provokingly tempting to the eye, he felt that much cultivation would be necessary ere the obdurate core within might arrive at the desirable melting maturity.

After the explanation with Madame Van Zoest, her door was of course always open to him, and ere long he found himself established in an easy familiarity, that permitted him to come and go without inquiry of why or wherefore, much as though he were a tame animal domesticated in the house. If Margaretta wanted a book, or, indeed, any sort of information, although he appeared quite ignorant at the time, he was sure, in the course of a few days, to procure it by the aid of those powerful confederates, love and money. As the young lady, however, knew not of these auxiliaries, she often marvelled at his success, and felt inclined to chide herself for estimating his acquirements at too low a rate. The fact was that he had a good memory, and would frequently deliver to her almost verbatim the opinions of those who were best informed on the subject of her inquiry. Unconscious that they were love-learnt lessons, she would listen with deep interest to these communications, and then contrast them with his seeming (or rather his real) ignorance in matters of a more simple nature. Thus he became an enigma to her, and of course an object of interest; but, as months rolled away, the more she saw of him the more was she puzzled, till one day she found herself alone with old Van Riebeek, who volunteered a somewhat exaggerated account of his young friend's ardent pursuit of knowledge and improvement under difficulties arising from a neglected education, and affirmed him to be a perfect model of all the cardinal virtues, &c., &c.; but withal, the old gentleman, acting in concurrence with the mother, said not a word of the hundreds of thousands of florins possessed by their protégé, lest the young lady's pride should be alarmed with the suspicion of having been put up for sale.

From that time Margaretta thought much more of Jan Van Dunk than she had previously done. She pitied him; but, certes, not with the pity that is akin to love. Her feelings toward him were similar to those of a kind schoolmistress with an overgrown, backward boy, who is willing to learn; and she resolved to put him in the right road. His unobtrusive and respectful manner doubtless tended to confirm her in this assumed superiority, to say nothing of the habit of so frequently seeing him, that their being of different sexes gave her not a thought. Therefore, frequent and long, and, after a while, even private, became their conversations, and Jan must have been a miracle of Dutch philosophy, if, in spite of the constant warnings of mamma and the lawyer, he could always have restrained his glances within the icy bounds of platonic admiration. On more than one occasion, when she chanced suddenly to look up, he knew that he was transgressing, and a cold tremor would come over him, as he felt awfully alarmed lest "all was up." But either his eyes were not sufficiently charged with the subtle flame, or the fair lady was in a decidedly antiphlogistic condition, for neither combustion nor explosion took place. And thus matters continued for some months, and Jan flattered himself that he was going on slowly but surely, like the heavy barges in his country's canals, which, though moving at the rate of scarcely three miles an hour, fail not to arrive in due course at the desired haven. But suddenly "a change came o'er the spirit of his dream," and shaped his future way.

It was not uncommon in those days for ladies of the higher order of mind and station to make some proficiency in Latin and even Greek; and Margaretta had dabbled in both, not deeply, certainly, but far in advance of Jan, who had got not much beyond "Amo, I love," a very poor progress for a gentleman, though perhaps all that can be desired of a lady. So one morning the sweet counsel they were wont to take together was turned to bitterness by her decision that his lack of the dead languages was an insuperable bar to all farther advancement, and that there remained no hope for him, unless he entered immediately, and went through a regular course of study at the University of Leyden.

" Then," said she, " with your excellent natural abilities and steady habits of industry, you will come back fit for any society."

Jan never forgot those words, though they fell coldly on his sense at the time, when coupled with a sentence of banishment.

Of what followed in the way of consultation and preparation it must suffice to say that old Van Riebeek declared the girl was perfectly right, and the mother comforted her protégé in her shrewd, coarse way, by saying—" Be off as soon as you can. She'll miss you when you're gone, I know. And remember, you're not going to bind yourself apprentice again. You can take a run over here now and then, can't ye?"

Mamma was right again. As has often been observed when we set or sow trees or plants, we feel pleasure in watering them and watching their growth. Margaretta missed her docile pupil from some such feeling, certainly, but perhaps a little more from the lack of those numerous minute attentions to her wants and wishes which have been already alluded to, and she often caught herself thinking of him and endeavouring to fancy how he was making his way through the rugged paths that lead to knowledge.

In the mean while, Jan went steadily and doggedly to work, and, keeping the loadstone of his aspirations ever in view, veered not a point to the right or left, till, having mastered the first difficulties, the light broke in upon him, and he became sensible of the real value of *her* counsel.

On his first return home, their relative position seemed much as before, save that he treated her with more profound respect. The fact was that he had mixed more with gentlemen, and acquired somewhat of their habits, with enough of self-knowledge to make him feel that he was not *yet* worthy of her, and which caused him to shudder at former narrow escapes of " its " being " all up," in consequence of his past ignorant (and now marvellous) presumption.

Another and another vacation followed, under similar circumstances; till at length Jan, feeling himself no longer to be " the thing he was," waxed impatient, but was restrained from making a premature declaration of his passion by the prudence of Madame Van Zoest, who said—" The pear's not ripe yet. Her heart is as hard—that is, in love matters—as a stone, and as cold. But, I'll tell you a secret. I think there is one way of warming it. She did love her poor dear father so! She does so doat upon his memory!"

" My dear madam, be it what it may, I'll undertake it!" exclaimed the enraptured lover.

"Come this way, then," said the old lady; and she led him to her own private apartment, where they held a long conversation, in consequence of which he did not make his appearance at the house during the two following days.

On the third, he was sitting with Margaretta, and attracted her attention by his unwonted absence of mind; for, strange to say, she had been speaking for some time, and, when she ceased, he evidently knew nothing of what she had said. So she cast upon him a look of inquiry, but certainly not of love, and he, in reply, said, "Pardon me; but I am going to take a great liberty with you."

"I am not at all afraid of that," she observed, calmly, settling herself back in her chair, and looking at him, as though to witness some freak for her amusement: but he had not proceeded far with the accorded liberty when the colour rushed to her cheeks, her eyes sparkled, and she gasped—"My dear friend!"—it was the first time she had ever so addressed him—"it cannot be! He refused me, though I offered him, as security against any possible loss, (which, as you justly observe, is quite out of the question) the whole of my little fortune; for, thank God! my wants are few, and I can live very well on the pension allowed by the Company for my dear father's services."

"Publishers are not always the best judges of such matters," observed the double-dealing lover, gravely. "He has since consulted better authorities, and is exceedingly anxious to undertake the publication."

"Why did he not let me know, then?" inquired the lady, still much excited, and scarcely able to believe that the great desire of her heart was about to be accomplished.

"He remembers your last interview with regret," said Jan; "but will, if you give him permission, be happy to wait upon you."

"Let him come!" murmured Margaretta, clasping her hands and looking upward. "All is complete! What my dear father left unfinished has been the work of my own hands. But—oh! excuse me! I *must* leave you!" and, no longer able to restrain the tears of joy, she rushed from the room.

"She *has* a heart, that's *certain*," said Jan, as he wiped his eyes; and then, after walking to and fro, he recovered himself sufficiently to rub his hands and add, "And I'll get at it, somehow, one of these days, or I'm no Dutchman."

Thenceforth, for many months, Margaretta led a life of busy delight. The great work went on. The first engravers in the land came to receive her instructions and exhibit their first proofs: the printing-press was never idle, night or day, and the happy, fair recluse felt herself like the queen bee in the hive, for whom the industry of all around is in constant activity. The great bibliopolist expressed his determination that everything should be done in the first style, and declared, with perfect truth, that he had never undertaken "a spec" with greater certainty of profit. The fact, as the reader will doubtless have surmised, was, that Jan's two days of absence from his charmer had been employed in removing every obstacle to the gratification of her wishes; and the erewhile obdurate publisher became a changed man, when put in possession of a certain legal paper of indemnification, signed by Ryklop Van Riebeek, in behalf of his client, whose name, and also the existence of the said document, it was understood, must not be revealed to the lady. Doubtless this sudden alteration of opinion would have led her to suspect some secret agency, had the work been any other than that of her parent; but, so highly did she estimate the fruits of his toil, that, even in the midst of her pleasant occupation, she rather wondered at their not having been sooner duly appreciated.

Dutch enterprise and industry were then proverbial; but never before had a work been "brought out" in better style, or with such celerity, as was that of the late Mynheer Van Zoest: yet, it so happened that, in spite of "puffing," after the fashion of the day, and the despatching of presentation copies in all directions, the sale was very dull. This might easily have been concealed from Margaretta; but her lover was absent at Leyden, and, the publisher's purpose being effected, he gave no thought to the unmarketable mass that remained publicly exposed in his warehouse, and which she stealthily scanned in her frequent visits, and ever observed to have remained untouched and undiminished. Nevertheless, the tradesman, in reply to her inquiries, rubbed his hands, and avowed himself to be perfectly satisfied: but not so was the lady; for, besides the anomalous cause of his satisfaction, there was something in his look and manner very odd and unaccountable. So she pondered thereon, but could not come to any satisfactory conclusion till Jan again made his appearance; and he, being now an adept in the art of mystification, contrived once more to relieve her mind by ascertaining that the publisher had received orders (given of course by himself) for several hundred copies of the work, for exportation, and was only waiting for the sailing of the East and West India fleets, &c.

"How strange that I never thought of making that inquiry!" exclaimed Margaretta. "Of course my dear father's researches will be better appreciated and understood by gentlemen like himself, than by the citizens here, whose whole souls are engrossed by trade and barter, and accumulating florins which they have not the heart to spend. Really, I cannot help despising them."

Jan congratulated himself that he had long since disposed of his father's business, by the advice of Van Riebeek, who clearly discerned that love and money had rendered him utterly unfit for trade. Moreover, his heart was, at the moment, inwardly glowing at the success of his last generous act, so, with unusual warmth, he said, "But for you, my kind friend and guide, I might still have been one of them. I cannot be sufficiently grateful."

"Oh! as for that," said the lady, in a cool, offhand way, "my mother and I are equally obliged to you for many friendly attentions; and, were it not so," (here she spake somewhat warmer) "the interest you have so kindly taken in my dear father's work would more than balance the friendly account: so pray say no more on the subject."

"Nevertheless, it must ever dwell on my recollection," said Jan, so fervently, that the lady was for the moment startled, but the next instant she smiled, and observed, frankly, "Well, I am glad you don't repent going to Leyden. You are already quite a different person. Go on and prosper; and perhaps, in time, I may be proud of my pupil:"

and she laughed right heartily, in a way that caused Jan to feel rather uncomfortable, inasmuch as her untimely merriment seemed to proclaim that she considered the notion of her ever being proud of him as something ridiculous. But he was not now the raw, ignorant young man he had been, and he knew better than to take umbrage at a lady's hilarity; so he joined in the laugh, and told her to remember her words. And it so happened that they were repeated, in the same jocular way, when he took leave, on his return to Leyden; and *then* they comforted him exceedingly: "For," said he, "it is plain that she does feel *some* interest about me. 'Festina lente.' Slow and sure."

It was about two months after his departure, and Margaretta was sitting alone, when it occurred to her that a book, lent to her by her pupil, might throw some light on a passage she had been reading. It was a folio volume, and she had turned over but a few leaves, when a written paper, disfigured by many erasures and interlineations, met her eye; and conceiving it to be of a private nature, she was about to leave it undisturbed, when she caught sight of the name of her father, and presently of her own, and then, in large letters at the top, the names of Jan Van Dunk and the great publisher. Let the reader decide, then, whether she was to be blamed for reading what proved to be the rough copy of the documentary mainspring that had so long kept engravers and printers in motion. Moreover, there was a clause, securing the copyright, copper plates, and all profits hereafter to be realized from the work in question, to Margaretta Van Zoest, under the flattering title of co-author thereof. The whole was in Ryklop Van Riebeek's professional text, which, though large and legible enough, on this occasion made the young lady's eyes ache. For brevity's sake, all description of her feelings and conduct must be here omitted, save that she at last had what children call "a good cry," and the tears relieved her.

In the afternoon of that day she was closeted with the old lawyer; and, after rebuking him sadly for encouraging his client's extravagance, declared her settled purpose of repaying every stiver that had been expended; and thereupon Ryklop grinned and whistled provokingly, and said, "All you've got wouldn't come to a tithe on't."

"I'll do something, though!" exclaimed the bewildered fair. "I'll not suffer the poor, good, thoughtless young man to be ruined!"

"Whe-e-w!" went old Van Riebeek again. "He ruined! He, he, he!" and then, with much unseemly cackling, he spake to her for the first time of a certain number of hundreds of thousands of florins at the disposal of his client.

A long pause ensued, and then the lady said, thoughtfully, "Why did you not tell me this before?"

"He, he! Why should I?" inquired Ryklop. "You never asked: and I know people's riches don't make you like 'em a bit the better."

"Certainly not," observed the lady. "But yet—in the present instance—really—"

"I must be off!" exclaimed the lawyer. "Particular engagement. Very sorry—but talk it over another time;" and he went home for the purpose of solitary fumigating reflection, the result of which was a determination to let matters take their own course, as he felt doubtful whether his client had left the document in the book by carelessness or design.

Margaretta also reflected. Indeed, for many days she thought of little else, and was sorely puzzled how she should and ought to act. The mother laughed at the whole affair, and said it was a clever trick, well managed, and she quite loved Jan for it; and she looked at her daughter in a way that said pretty plainly, "And so ought you."

Here, be it remembered that, of all those who have once given their minds to scribbling, (particularly for the press) few are able ever after to keep their pens out of the inkstand. The great work to which Margaretta had devoted her time and talents was at an end. She was unoccupied; and there is more than one proverb declaring that certain invisible agents are apt "to find work for idle hands to do." What spirit most prevailed with her must be a secret, but the task she set about was to write a letter to Jan; and a very hard task she found it. The erasures and interlineations in Van Riebeek's paper were as nothing when compared with the sheets spoiled by her whilom ready hand. Some expressions seemed too harsh, others too friendly, and many liable to misconstruction. She had often previously exchanged notes with Jan on trivial subjects, but never before seemed to think she was writing to one of the coarser sex; and how it came into her head on the present occasion was a question which, luckily, there was no one to ask; but it greatly aggravated her difficulty.

Two copies of the important missive had already been written, directed, and sealed, and afterwards opened, revised, and committed to the flames, and a third (to be detained for a day or two's consideration) might have shared the same fate, had not mamma caught sight of it one morning, when she *happened luckily* to be going that way, and so, without asking any questions, took and deposited it at the post-office. Its arrival at Leyden effectually put a stop to all Jan's other reading. He got it, in more senses than one, "by heart." It was a strange compound, telling of feelings wounded by excess of unsought obligation — deep sense of gratitude for well-meant intentions—charges of duplicity—hopes of being able some day to cancel, &c., &c., &c.—but the impression left upon the lover's mind, when the violent whirling of his senses had somewhat abated, was, that matters were not yet "all up." So he resolved to answer the letter in person.

This was precisely as Margaretta expected; and therefore she prepared herself to receive him with a degree of coolness that should make him sensible of the enormity of his offence; and, when he came, she acted her part accordingly: but there was something so respectful, humble, and contrite, in his look and manner, that even she, for a moment, lost her wonted presence of mind, and might have forgiven him at once, but for a sudden thought. Perhaps it was a trick of her mother's whimsicality—perhaps it was because she thought he deserved some sort of punishment — perhaps she wished to try what power she really had over him—but so it was, that she turned away from him the light of her countenance, and he remained standing, looking dolefully enough, during an awful pause, to which she at length put a surprising end by asking quietly if he remembered the cruelties of the Spaniards in the bygone wars. Jan stared, and thought there were divers ways of being cruel. "I have just been reading about them," she continued. "And really, with that clump of hair under your mouth, and so forth, and those strange slashed clothes, you put me sadly in mind of them. I hope all the students at Leyden don't dress so, or we shall soon not know our own countrymen."

Now, Jan had been led into these tailoring and other excesses by associating with some foreign students of rank then at the University, and rather opined that he had thereby considerably improved his outward man. So he felt what is termed "dumbfounded" and crestfallen, and assuredly could have made no eloquent reply. But, luckily for him, while he essayed to open his quivering lips, the warm-hearted mamma (all unlike her daughter) suddenly rushed into the room, and, instead of shaking hands as formerly, threw her substantial arms round his neck, and eke kissed both his cheeks.

The cooler and more demure young lady thereupon retired, and forthwith the delighted dame spake of how she had watched each look and word of her daughter when his name was mentioned, and how she had read the outline of the first letter; and how much warmer it was than what had been sent; and, having expended her budget of particulars, she concluded most satisfactorily by saying, "The pear's nearly ripe."

Jan paid a visit to his barber and tailor, and then dined with the ladies that day, in all respects like a true Dutchman: and Margaretta, instead of introducing Spanish or any other cruelty, spake rather less than usual, and now and then appeared to be lost in thought; and mamma, on one of these occasions, winked slily at the lover with one of her arch eyes, insinuating, "She's thinking of you! The woman that deliberates," &c.

So Jan went his way that night with an elastic step; and, a few days after, *happening* to mention that his own house was undergoing a thorough repair, the elder lady *happened* to recollect that she had an untenanted apartment, just fit for a bachelor, and insisted on his taking possession thereof for a short time, as the smell of paint was injurious to his health. Margaretta ventured a look of remonstrance; but it was unheeded. What could she do more? It would have seemed ungracious to have lifted up her voice against the exercise of hospitality. She remained silent, and looking down; and Jan's quick eye discerned a slight flush upon her cheek that warmed his own heart; for it told him, more clearly than the mother's words, that the long desired "ripening" season had commenced. So he thanked *both* the ladies for *their* kind offer, and, in due course, located himself beneath their roof: and then—opportunity—opportunity! What an excellent thing it is in such cases! He watched each gleam of sunshine; the clouds became gradually fewer and smaller; till, at last, after a fall of rain that lighted on his shoulder, the sun shone gloriously forth, and "the pear was ripe." How much he valued and cherished his prize need not be told; and as for the lady, she had ever after good reason to be "proud of her scholar."

Happy were it if more lovers would follow Jan's example, and study to make themselves in every respect worthy, ere they attempt to gain possession of a treasure so invaluable as woman's affection.

THE BRIDE OF THE NILE.

BY N. MICHELL, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "THE EVENTFUL EPOCH," ETC.

We are told by ancient writers that a custom once prevailed in Egypt of annually sacrificing a young virgin to propitiate the god who presided over the rising of the waters of the Nile. The barbarous practice is said to have been abolished by the Caliph Omar, A.D. 641.

Pride of the Pharaohs! with thy walls and towers,
Thy marble temples, and thy royal bowers,
Where art thou, Memphis? scarce a stone remains
To mark thy site along these desert plains.

Glory's dark ghost alone her watch doth keep
O'er mouldering tombs, where kings and heroes sleep.
But Fancy wakes; she leaps the gulf of years;
Again her royal head proud Memphis rears:
Processions sweep, bright pageants round me rise,
Some waking wonder, others prompting sighs;
For, by this stream, in Egypt's days of fame,
Dark acts were done that Mercy shrinks to name.
Behold one sad, yet lovely sight—the Bride
Doomed to the cold embrace of Nilus' tide.
Yes, down yon path the fair one paces slow,
To cymbals' sound and trumpets wailing low.
She comes to appease the God who rules the Nile,
And Priests beside her move in lengthened file.
Rich are the robes the beauteous victim wears;
Her jewelled hand a branch of cypress bears;
The sacred lotus-flowers her soft brow deck,
Her coal-black tresses veil her glowing neck.
And doth no anguish touch her gentle heart,
So soon with life and all its joys to part?
To leave each friend, resign her virgin bloom,
For Pluto's realms and Hades' sunless gloom?
Zeal fires her soul; albeit the smiles that break,
Languid and cold, across her changing cheek,
The frequent trembling, and the starting tear,
Tell of an inward pang, a stifled fear.

And now they reach old Nilus' worshipped wave,
That seems to pause and moan in every cave,
As if he mourned that youthful maiden's doom—
More kind than they who urge her to her tomb.
High on the bank she stands, her straining gaze
Fixed on the flood, while soft the cittern plays:
Scarce may you tell if that deep, freezing air
Betokens firmness, or betrays despair:
Haply her soul flies back to those gay hours,
When, like a wild bee sporting 'mid the flowers,
She roamed Nile's vale, her heart all mirth and bliss,
Nor dreamt of day so dread, of fate like this.
See! who starts forth, and kneels, and clasps her feet?
Her lover speaks—once more their fond eyes meet.
The maid who late seemed stone, turns, trembles now,
The bright blood flushing cheek and marble brow;
Religion scarce the heart's fond fire may quell,
And all love's strength revives in that farewell.
One sigh—one look of anguish—'twas her last:
Wildly aloft her gem-bound arms she cast,
Shrank from his warm embrace, and with a smile
Of bitter calmness pointed to the Nile.

"Not thine!" she cried: "the God of yonder stream
Calls me away; our love is but a dream.

Anubis[1] waits to waft me to the shore,
Where blooms no flower, and joy can smile no more.
From the bright world, from friends, from thee I go,
To walk with shades, and pray, and weep below,
Sighs for my nuptial song, dark yew my wreath,
The slave of Orcus, and the bride of Death.
It will be crime, perchance, to love thee there;
Yet must thou still my thoughts, hopes, wishes share:
And when at last the pitying Gods remove
My suffering soul to sun-bright bowers above,
I'll join thy side, and Typhon's[2] blasting eye
Shall ne'er again bid Pleasure's roses die;
But Isis' own bright hand shall dry our tears,
And Love entrance our souls through endless years."

The lovely victim, pausing, o'er her brow
Draws her white veil; the priests approach her now:
Gently they raise her, and, while louder swell
The barbarous tones of cymbal, horn, and shell,
They cast her from that bank: the rushing tide
Parts as she falls, and wooes the victim bride:
One bubbling cry—her young career is o'er—
Her heart is still, and Gods can ask no more.

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[1] The office of Anubis, like that of the Greek Hermes, was to conduct the souls of the dead to Hades.

[2] Typhon was the principle of evil in Egyptian mythology.

MATILDA MORTIMER.

BY MISS PARDOE.

The season was just over; and even Matilda Mortimer, beautiful as she was, began to apprehend that her roses had somewhat paled, and that even Collinet and Weippart could at last become wearisome. She dreaded, however, the monotony of Motcombe Grange; for few beauties are partial to an isolated country-house, where their fathers, tired of the clubs and crowds of London, mount their hunters or their shooting ponies; where their brothers play truant to wander over the continent; and the ladies of the family are driven to their own resources for amusement. And this was precisely the case with the Mortimers. Theirs was one of those good old families who have more ancestors than thousands, and who, after making an effort to afford their children the somewhat questionable advantage of three months in town, are compelled to exert, during the remaining nine of every year, a very wholesome economy, in order to sustain the necessary outlay.

It is true that no season had yet come to a close without the "handsome Mortimer girls" having received more than one invitation from their fashionable friends to join them at this Park or that Hall, but Mrs. Mortimer loved her daughters too well to subject them to the *laisser aller* of a crowded country-house, where the guests are more frequently selected for their amusing than their moral qualities; and on the present occasion such a measure had become more than commonly objectionable, from the fact that Matilda had, even in the whirl of a London life, contrived, by her beauty and her fascinations, to captivate the heart of a wealthy young baronet, whose marked and ceaseless attentions gave every assurance not only to the young beauty herself, but even to her parents, that a feeling of delicacy alone restrained him from offering her his hand after so short an acquaintance.

It was consequently not merely Matilda who thought with misgiving of the "dear old Grange;" for Mrs. Mortimer was almost equally anxious to discover some method of deferring the domestication of her family in Hertfordshire until Sir Evelyn Theobald should have declared himself; feeling, as she did, that it would be utterly impossible to invite him into the country while his position in her family remained undefined. She was not one of those weak and ill-judging mothers who no sooner see a man of fashion fluttering about their daughters than they immediately mark him as their prey, and by silly hints and equally foolish speculations awaken the minds of their children to a premature consciousness, which engenders coquetry, and that most hateful feeling in a young, pure bosom, the yearning for an early marriage. She had, consequently, never affected to remark the devotion of her daughter's suitor, satisfied that, when he should have sufficiently declared himself to render such a step prudent and womanly, Matilda would herself confide the fact to her parents; and, thus situated, her position was embarrassing enough.

To her husband Mrs. Mortimer did not venture to speak of her suspicions, for one word would have sufficed to make the proud old gentleman hurry his family to the Grange at once, lest the baronet should imagine that they were speculating upon his broad acres; and, accordingly, she was compelled to trust to her woman-wit to discover some means of saving Matilda from what she feared, in spite of her silence, must prove a painful disappointment.

While, with a novel in her hand, she was considering and re-considering all the bearings of the question, she chanced to glance at Blanche, her younger daughter, and was instantly struck by her extreme paleness and languor, and at once forgot the mighty matter by which she had been previously engrossed. Mrs. Mortimer was ready to concede much to the dissipation in which they had lately lived; but the deep blue eyes of Blanche were *so* very heavy, and her silken curls *so* very languid, that she became almost alarmed, and remembered, with some compunction, that of late the gentle girl had been less cheerful and less inclined to profit by the pleasures with which they had been surrounded than she had ever known her.

Matilda had already passed a season in town, but Blanche had on this occasion made her *début* in the gay world, and for a time entered with zest into its enjoyments. Latterly, however, they appeared to have palled upon her; and more than once she had endeavoured to absent herself from some of the most brilliant *réunions* to which she had been invited.

This circumstance flashed upon the mind of Mrs. Mortimer, as she combined it with the dejected and almost faded looks of her child; and a dread of consumption nearly stopped her breath. She searched her memory in order to discover if the fearful malady which she apprehended had ever existed in her own family or that of Mr. Mortimer, and remembered, with increasing consternation, that an aunt of her husband's, whose death had taken place without any marked symptoms of disease, had been attributed to that cause.

She therefore decided that no time should be lost; and, after having closely questioned Blanche, who assured her with a smile that she was quite well and quite happy, a declaration which only increased her apprehensions, she resolved to communicate them to her husband. In an instant, Mr. Mortimer became, if possible, still more alarmed than herself. Blanche was his pet, his playfellow, his darling. What was to be done? First, they must have the best advice in London: but this measure was so strongly opposed by Blanche herself, who persisted in declaring that she was well, quite well, and who even wept when they still urged her to consent, that for the moment the measure was abandoned. Still the fond parents decided that something must be done: the London air must be ungenial to her; and yet to return to the Grange was out of the question, where they were four miles from any advice.

"How say you, darling?" exclaimed Mr. Mortimer at length, under a sudden inspiration. "I shall not be required at home for the next two months: shall we spend six weeks on the Rhine?"

Blanche smiled a happy assent; and even exerted herself to wonder how they should all bear the sea, and whether Matilda's home-acquired German would render her an efficient interpreter. So much, indeed, were her spirits excited by this unlooked-for journey, that the remainder of the morning passed off cheerfully; and the worthy Mrs. Mortimer actually found herself, she could not tell how, reflecting that this arrangement might tend to test the sincerity of Sir Evelyn's affection for Matilda. The Grange was a quiet home, to be invaded only by authority, but the Rhine was a broad highway, upon which all were free to travel; and if the baronet *did* join their party, there was little more occasion for anxiety; while, if he did *not*, Matilda would be at once and for ever undeceived, should she entertain the same suspicions as herself.

On the following evening, at the Opera, the family arrangement was, as a matter of course, confided to Sir Evelyn Theobald, who remarked that it was a delightful coincidence for himself, as he was engaged to pay a visit to a German baron of his acquaintance, who had hired a Rhine fortress on a long lease, in order to enjoy the admirable sport afforded by an extensive forest close at hand, in which he had invited him to partake; and that he should be most happy so to time his departure as to be enabled, with the permission of Mr. Mortimer, to assist him in protecting the ladies so far upon their journey.

The offer was accepted with equal frankness by the old gentleman, who had not left England for several years, and who, although he made his talents subservient to his devoted affection for his suffering child, was not without certain uncomfortable misgivings as to his qualifications for continental travelling.

In another fortnight, the happy party accordingly set forth—for happy they really were in the restored cheerfulness of Blanche, although still anxious as to the duration of the change.

We are not about to transcribe one leaf from the well-thumbed handbook to the Rhine. My business is with persons rather than places. Enough that, as Sir Evelyn, when pressed by Mr. Mortimer by no means to inconvenience himself on their account, although in truth he scarcely knew how they should get on without him, constantly assured his conscientious fellow-traveller that he had ascertained the unexpected detention in England of Baron Gortheim, who was in consequence utterly unable to fix the exact period of his arrival at the shooting-tower; and that it was really a charity in the ladies so obligingly to permit his own intrusion.

At Coblentz, however, which they did not reach for a fortnight, having paused wherever they were attracted by the beauty of the country or the architectural novelty of the towns, all farther ceremony upon the subject of the baronet's attendance was effectually terminated by a proposal in form for the hand of Matilda.

The young lady herself had blushed and smiled an assent to his suit a few hours previously; nor did either of her parents affect to conceal the gratification with which they welcomed so unexceptionable a son-in-law; nor did the gentle Blanche, when, in a paroxysm of passionate tears, Matilda flung herself upon her neck, to pour out all the happiness with which her heart was overflowing, refuse to weep for company; although she struggled in vain to emulate the rainbow smiles which promised, on the lips of the affianced girl, to make the spirit-shower of short duration.

Coblentz had suddenly become an earthly paradise to Matilda, and she pleaded so hard for a week, only one week there, that another halt was resolved upon: but a couple of days had scarcely elapsed ere it became apparent that the air of Coblentz, like that of London, was ungenial to Blanche, whose cheek, to which a faint bloom had latterly returned, once more became pale, her large deep eye clouded, and her spirits depressed. All further delay at Coblentz was in consequence negatived by Mr. Mortimer, and again the travellers set forth; but, although Blanche exerted herself to appear interested in all by which she was surrounded, it was evident that she made the effort only to gratify her family.

As they proceeded up the river, her indisposition visibly increased, until, as they approached the little rock-sealed fortress of Theobald's friend, he suggested the expediency of their establishing themselves there for a few days, during the absence of the owner, in order to ascertain if the pure air of this isolated tower, combined with perfect quiet and repose for a short period, might not tend to restore, or at least to renovate, the invalid.

After a thousand difficulties, misgivings, and apprehensions, this step was at length agreed on; and Sir Evelyn, whose anxiety equalled that of the Mortimers themselves, having paid a visit to the miniature castle, and ascertained that all was comfortably and even commodiously arranged for the reception of its master, as well as convinced the servants of his identity, proceeded to explain to them the position of Blanche; upon which the worthy old German housekeeper at once agreed to receive the party; and, with a light heart, the young baronet a few hours subsequently escorted his betrothed and her family to the quaint little fortress.

Nothing could be more beautiful than its position: on the opposite bank of the stream, and almost within an arrow's flight, rose another castle, less elevated than that of the baron, but seated on a richly-timbered acclivity; while, near the centre of the glorious river, lay one of those sweet islands, which so often turn aside its current, and glitter under the sunshine like vegetable emeralds.

For the first time since quitting England, Matilda Mortimer occasionally, even loved as she was, felt her time hang heavy in the shooting-tower. The devoted worshipper of fashion, all her accomplishments were such only as are calculated to *tell* in society: she played the harp like St. Cecilia, and danced like Taglioni; but there were neither musical instruments nor polka parties in the isolated tower. Blanche, in the mean time, passed hours together with her sketch-book in her hand; while, with affectionate and gentle care, Sir Evelyn prepared her pencils, selected for her artistic points of view, and translated the local legends which tended to illustrate her drawings. The tranquil and uncomplaining girl repaid him for all his attention by one of her sweet, melancholy smiles; and the baronet soon began to watch for them, and to appreciate their beauty. It is true that the proud and glowing loveliness of Matilda threw into shade the softer attractions of Blanche, and that one word or one gesture from his betrothed served to summon Sir Evelyn to the more legitimate shrine of his homage; but, ere long, such words and gestures were rarely uttered or exhibited; and Miss Mortimer began, like himself, to devote a larger portion of her time to her fading sister, who, although she still persisted in her earnest assurances that she never remembered to have been in better health, and exhibited the greatest reluctance to a removal from their present solitude, visibly faded from day to day; while a deep hectic which began to burn upon her cheek, and a bright light which had succeeded to the dimness by which her large blue eyes had so long been veiled, soon convinced those about her, who had at first suffered themselves to be misled by these insidious symptoms, that the danger was even more imminent than they had hitherto apprehended.

Once more, therefore, the terrified parents resolved on hurrying home to England, and sought to delude each other by expatiating upon the certain benefit to be derived from native air and able medical attendance; nor could even the tears of the languid girl, whose increasing weakness rendered her more than ever averse to the exertion consequent upon the homeward journey, induce them to yield to her entreaties; which were, moreover, skilfully terminated by a remark from her anxious mother of the impropriety of their remaining longer in the home of a stranger who might now, at any moment, arrive and instal himself under the same roof.

This argument at once silenced the pure and proud invalid; and preparations were accordingly commenced for their removal, when, one morning, Matilda descended to breakfast calm and smiling as her wont, but with a cheek as pale as that of her sister; and the meal was no sooner concluded than she reminded Sir Evelyn of his promise to show her the Knight's Cave, the tradition of which he had some time before related; an excursion which she had hitherto deferred in consequence of the weak health of her sister, which would not permit her to incur the fatigue necessary to such an undertaking.

With the sanction of her parents, whose minds were almost entirely absorbed by the increasing danger of their fading Blanche, she therefore set forth, to climb, with the assistance of her lover, the precipitous rock, midway of which the storied cave was situated; but she did so with less than her wonted energy, and looked back more than once to kiss her hand to the patient invalid, who leant from a window of the tower to watch their departure.

At length, however, an abrupt turn in the sinuous road along which they proceeded shut out all view of that face of the building; and Matilda had no sooner ascertained that such was the case, than she pointed towards a retired spot near the river's edge, where the overhanging trees flung their shadows across a grassy glen, whose quiet beauty at once attracted her attention, and suggested to her companion that they should seat themselves there for a time, while she confided to him a secret in which the happiness of her whole family was involved.

Startled by the extreme gravity of her voice and manner, the baronet at once acceded to her wish, and they established themselves beneath a group of birches, with the bright river flowing at their feet. But, even when this little arrangement had been completed, Miss Mortimer continued silent, and it was visible to Sir Evelyn that she was making a strong effort to overcome some very painful emotion.

"Speak, Matilda!" he at length exclaimed, in considerable alarm. "What is the meaning of this strange emotion — of these tears — which, though you do not suffer them to fall, are, nevertheless, moistening your bright eyes? of this convulsive shivering which makes your hand quiver in my grasp? What is the frightful secret which you are about to reveal to me?"

"Forgive me, Evelyn," said Miss Mortimer, thus energetically entreated, "forgive me for my selfishness; for, believe me when I assure you I have a happy conviction that what I am about to confide to your honour will affect no one so deeply as myself. Were it otherwise, I feel that I should never have courage to venture upon such a step, involving as it does not only my own happiness, but that of one far more worthy. Evelyn, dear Evelyn, promise me only that, should I lay before you nothing which your own conscience does not corroborate, you will not wrong either yourself or me by any idle disclaimers. Will you pledge yourself to this?"

"Assuredly, Matilda. But in the name of mercy . . . ."

"I thank you, Evelyn," broke in the agitated girl, abruptly; "for I know that you will redeem your word: and now listen to me without interruption, lest I should weakly fail in my appointed task, for it is a holy one, and must be at once accomplished. *At once*—do you heed me? There is no time for delay or hesitation; and yet, did I not know you to be the soul of truth and honour, I durst not fulfil it."

"Matilda, you alarm me! Once more I entreat . . . ."

"You shall know all; for I can trust you," resumed Miss Mortimer; "and perhaps, Evelyn"—and, as she raised her eyes to his, a large tear fell upon the hand in which her own was clasped—"perhaps it may be my happy fate to render your life far more blessed than I had ever hoped to do. I have watched you closely, Evelyn, for three long weeks: scarcely one of your looks or words has escaped me. You have deceived yourself—circumstances have deceived you — Evelyn, you love Blanche . . . ."

"Matilda!" exclaimed Theobald, angrily, as he sprang to his feet, "what am I to understand? Have you so soon wearied of my affection?"

For all answer the beautiful girl once more raised her eyes to his, as she motioned him to resume his place beside her; but there was something in the look by which her gesture had been accompanied, that he could not brave; and, obeying her bidding, he flung himself again upon the earth, and buried his burning face in his spread hands.

"You are hurt and irritated, Evelyn," said the low, trembling voice of the heart-stricken Matilda; "but you are too just, too generous, long to retain so mistaken a feeling against one who—who—" sobs choked her utterance.

"Who casts me off — who has played with my love as a worthless bauble, to be flung aside when it has lost the gloss of novelty—who dishonours alike herself and me by such heartless coquetry!" gasped out Theobald.

"Remember your promise, Sir Evelyn," said Miss Mortimer, in a calm voice, which was belied by her quivering lip and pallid cheek: "only tell me, as a true and honourable man, that I have not read your heart, and my secret shall perish with me: but, oh! Evelyn, dear Evelyn, do not deceive either yourself or me—have courage to be just to both of us; and tell me, as you hope for trust and sympathy, for a worthy life, and for a peaceful death-bed—do you not love my sister?"

"Dearly, devotedly. Am I not to be her brother?"

Matilda shook her head sadly, and for a moment remained silent. The struggle was a bitter one; for she felt that she was immolating her own happiness. After a time, however, she again rallied; and, laying her hand upon that of her companion, she said resolutely—"You equivocate, but you do not convince me. A brother's affection is not love, as the world estimates the word. Have I done you more than justice in trusting to your good faith? Will you, indeed, refuse me a specific answer?"

"Matilda, why do you thus torture us both? If you have wearied of me, be frank on your side, and I will intrude my passion on you no longer."

"You are generous, Evelyn, but you are not just; yet, even so, I will confide in you, for I know you to be worthy of all trust. Blanche is dying . . ."

Theobald uttered a low groan, and a convulsive spasm passed over his frame.

"So young—so beautiful," continued the heroic woman at his side; "beloved and loving—carrying her secret with her to the grave, and smiling upon a happiness by which her own peace is wrecked.

Well may you start, Evelyn—but is it not a glory to have won the love of one so good and pure?"

"And who?—who?" faltered out her companion.

"Listen," said Miss Mortimer, emphatically. "I have already told you that my suspicions were aroused; not only in your own case, Evelyn, but also in that of Blanche. How could it be otherwise? Just launched into a world where she could see nothing to compete with — but no, no; it was not that which I was about to say—where she saw you almost daily—was it not simple that you should win her pure and guileless heart? And you—nay, do not interrupt me, I must tell you all — you are incredulous: but I swear to you, by my fair fame, that it is so. Last night, I leant over her as she was sleeping—only last night—and the secret which she had kept so strictly—the secret which was sapping her existence — escaped her as she slept. Evelyn, she loves you!"

An agonized sob escaped from the lips of the young man.

"And you, Evelyn—you, who have had so many opportunities of estimating her gentleness, her virtues, her pure and angelic beauty—you, for whose sake she is sinking into an early and silent grave—does not your heart yearn to save so fair a victim? Am I wrong when I tell you that there exists no other being in this world for whom you would shed such bitter tears? Have I declared more than the truth in asserting that for weeks past she has been the object of a deeper passion than myself? You saw *me*, Evelyn, surrounded by the glare and glitter of fashionable folly, the idol of the hour, conscious of my power, and proud of the effect which I produced: every circumstance was in my favour—the *prestige* of popularity—the . . . ."

"Matilda, spare me—spare me!"

"I would — I will, my — brother!" murmured the trembling girl. "Shall it not be so, Evelyn? You have seen her in the bosom of her family, struggling to conceal her suffering, lest she should distress those who were dearest to her. Evelyn, *I* have loved you fondly, but *she* has loved you even unto death."

"Matilda, I dare not look upon you. I am a craven and a coward. Spurn me, and let me go."

"Nay," said Miss Mortimer, with a smile more agonizing than the most impassioned tears; "why should you thus condemn yourself? Think only, if you are frank and generous, what a blessing you may diffuse about you. Think of my gray-haired father, made wretched through his fears for his soul's darling—think of my loving mother, whose heart weeps tears of blood over her dying child—think of me, Evelyn—of me, soon to be sisterless, if you do not hasten to avert this evil from us all!"

"It is because I think of you, heroic and admirable woman, that I dare not listen to you longer."

"And yet, Evelyn, remember that you have deceived yourself—and it may be that I, too—that I—do you not understand me? Perhaps I, too, have been deluded in believing—forgive me; but I will be frank. Since I have seen and *felt* that you loved Blanche, and suspected that on her side—shame on these weak and childish tears! Enough, Evelyn, that I have learnt to look upon you only as a loved and loving brother."

We will not further pursue this painful conversation: suffice it that it was but the forerunner of many similar ones ere Matilda could decide Sir Evelyn to abandon his cause to her guidance. She had wrung from him a tardy confession of his slowly-grown and almost unconscious passion for her sister; and her own strength threatened to fail should the struggle endure much longer. Armed, therefore, with the consciousness of self-sacrificing rectitude, she lost no time, when once she had received the reluctant assent of Theobald, who was only too keenly alive to the loss of so admirable a woman, even while his heart was bound up in the love of the more gentle Blanche, in laying the whole truth before her parents, affecting, meanwhile, an indifference which reconciled them to a change as extraordinary as it was inexplicable; and upon which Mr. Mortimer was about to comment most severely, when Matilda reminded him that she possessed the secret of her sister, and that his faded child would yet be saved.

And she was saved; and only marvelled, amid her happiness, how Matilda could lightly cast away a love like that of Evelyn Theobald—a love which to her was light, and life, and health. She did not guess, when her anxious suitor lured her forth into the sunshine, upon the bank of the fair Rhine, during the last days of their sojourn in the little fortress, how eagerly the dark eyes of Matilda followed them, as, supported by the deep setting of the lofty window, one hand buried among the luxurious masses of her dark hair, and the rigid fingers of the other clasping a flower which *he* had given in her days of hope and happiness, she saw them slowly pursue their solitary path; his arm upholding her still faltering steps; his eyes riveted upon her fair and lovely face; and his voice murmuring in her ear the words of passion.

How should she guess it? Those watchful eyes never shed a tear, for tears would have betrayed the extent of her loving sacrifice; and Matilda Mortimer was true to her noble nature to the last. To deceive her loving parents to their own peace, she affected as much coquetry in her dress and as much fastidiousness in her tastes as ever; only—Matilda Mortimer, at twenty-nine, went to her grave unmarried.

HAROLD AND TOSTI.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

The battle of Stamford Bridge was fought September 25th, 1066, by Hardrada, the Norwegian king, who, aided by Tosti, the outlaw son of Earl Godwin, had invaded England, and was met by King Harold, the last of the Saxon monarchs, about three weeks before his own fall, at the battle of Hastings, which decided the establishment of the Norman dynasty.

On England's shores the pirate king
Of Norway's frigid clime
From thrice an hundred beaked ships
Debarked his men of crime;
While at his side, the outlaw son
Of proud Earl Godwin came,
And many a child in terror shrank
At sound of Tosti's name.

King Harold led a dauntless host;
For every loyal thane,
Arousing at his country's need,
Convoked his vassal-train:
And while green autumn robed the vales,
And corn was waving high,
Those vengeful armies frowning met
Where Derwent murmured by.

The grim invader for his host
  A hollow circle chose,
While central from its guarded heart
  Old Norway's banner rose:
And round the huge circumference,
  In earth obliquely set,
A serried hedge of glittering spears
  The charging foemen met.

But England's power, in mass compact,
  Was ranged o'er hill and dale,
Solemn, and motionless, and dark,
  A mountain clothed in mail.
Then Harold paused a moment's space,
  Ere shafts in blood were dyed,
And of Earl Edwin ask'd, who rode
  In armour by his side—

" Who wears yon scarf of azure die,
  And helm of burnished gold?"
" Hardrada, prince of Norway's realm,
  A warrior fierce and bold."
" And who is he, with towering head,
  Majestic, firm, and cool,
Who casts around such eagle-glance,
  As he the world would rule?"

"The rebel of Earl Godwin's line"—
  Yet spared the words to speak,
Thy brother—for he saw the blood
  Forsake his sovereign's cheek;
And though he reined his prancing steed,
  His brow was pale as clay—
That brow which ne'er had blanched before
  In battle's deadliest fray.

Fraternal memories o'er his heart
  Like softening waters flowed—
The mother's kiss, the mother's prayer,
  Alike on both bestowed.
Then parted from his armed ranks
  A knight of noble mien,
And waved a snowy flag of truce
  Those martial hosts between.

"To Tosti, great Earl Godwin's son,
  King Harold bids me say,
Why stand'st thou on thy native soil
  Amid its foes this day?
I yield thee all Northumbria's realm,
  The choicest of my land;
Lay down thine arms, disperse thy host,
  And clasp a brother's hand."

But Tosti turned to Norway's king—
  "Behold my friend," said he;
"What is thy monarch's boon for him,
  If such his gifts to me?"
"Thus Harold answereth Norway's lord—
  'Troubler of earth and wave,
Just seven good feet of English land
  I give thee—for a grave.'"

Then Tosti shouted loud and wild—
  He smote his buckler proud—
And spears and lances flashed amain,
  Like lightning from the cloud;
And England's mail-clad cavalry
  Rushed on with direst shock,
As strikes old Ocean's stormy surge
  Against the fissured rock.

Deep through the bristling ridge of spears
  Full many a chasm was made,
Though desperate still the Northmen plied
  The battleaxe and blade:
But all at once their valour's tide
  Rolled back in refluent flood;
For, where their country's banner flew,
  Its monarch gasped in blood.

Then meekly, from the English lines,
  Went forth a mitred thane—
Wulstan, the bishop, wise and old,
  Of Worcester's sacred fane[1]—
Though scarce the impetuous tide of war
  Held back its panting wave,
While thus the white-haired man of peace
  His sovereign's message gave—

"Oh, Tosti! by the memory dear
  Of boyhood's early trace,
When thou wert victor at the ring,
  And foremost in the chase—
And by our parent's blessed love,
  That still its vigil kept,
When, cheek to cheek, and heart to heart,
  On the same couch we slept—

"Even by the mercies of our Lord,
  Who for our sins did die,

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[1] Wulstan, the venerable Bishop of Worcester, had previously accompanied King Harold into Northumberland, where a violent insurrection had been quelled, without an appeal to the sword, by the influence of his touching exhortations and peaceful piety. He was one of the most revered of the prelates, whom the early Saxon chronicles were accustomed to designate as "*mass-thanes*," to distinguish them from the barons, or "*world-thanes*."

Spare the dire waste of blood, and take
A brother's clemency."
"Speed back, speed back, thou Saxon kern!
And, if thy steed be slow,
The swift-wing'd darts of glorious strife
May chance to lay thee low."

And with the rebel's echoed ire
A tide of crimson rolls,
With clang of shield and cloven helm,
And cry of parting souls.
Nor stayed that deadly passion-strife,
Till o'er the ensanguined plain
The flying Northmen wailed their chiefs,
With haughty Tosti, slain.

Yet Harold, 'mid that triumph hour,
His tent in sadness sought,
And deemed the victory all too dear
A brother's blood had bought:
While, on that field, the bleaching bones
For many a year did tell
Where Peace, the angel, strove in vain
The demon, War, to quell.

THE BROKEN SPEAR.

A SETTLER'S TALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE VOYAGE OF LIFE," ETC.

It was a beautiful night, and brightly the starry skies of South Africa looked down upon our pleasant encampment on the banks of the Kowie River — a stream in the eastern province of the Cape colony, flowing into the ocean at Port Frances. On one hand were our white tents gleaming in the first rays of the rising moon, and beside them were waggons drawn side by side, with their spans of many oxen, fastened to the yokes and trac-to by reins (thongs of raw hide) passed round their horns, and the riding horses of the party tethered to the vehicles themselves, by way of precaution against the attacks of hyenas and jackals, which rarely venture an assault on any animal thus secured; on the other hand, a group of Hottentots, and dark-coloured persons of divers mixed races, were gathered round a blazing fire, chattering, laughing, cooking, and eating, as though sleep, silence, and labour, were things undreamed of in this world; while before us the river stole gently on its way, now hidden by the thick branches of laurel or mimosas, now glancing in the mingled lights of earth and sky, and filling the air with a scarcely perceptible murmuring.

Our party chanced to include the owner of the two waggons which attended for the carriage of our "camp equipage:" though far above *driving* his own waggon, as too many who might have hoped for a better fate have been compelled to do, he accompanied, on horseback, the Hottentots, whom he did not choose to trust alone; and, being an intelligent and rather gentlemanly person, he had been invited to join us both on the road and in bivouac—a courtesy for which we in part indemnified ourselves, by making him stand expounder of all subjects of wonder or doubt which were presented to our notice. He was now called upon to tell us whether the ruins of a house which we had passed some few hours previously, and which was so overgrown with grass and weeds, that the extent of the former habitation could scarcely be distinguished, were the effect of time alone, or of some aggression on the part of the frequent disturbers of colonial quiet.

"The Kafirs have to answer for it, as for much other mischief," said the settler.

"It must have been many years ago," observed one of my friends.

"Yes—a good many: and yet I can remember that house the home of a very happy family."

"You were then acquainted with them?" was said, inquiringly.

"I was, very intimately," replied the settler. He paused for a moment; but something in the expectant silence and looks of his auditory induced him to proceed. "Their name was Williams, and they came out as settlers about the time that the large body of emigrants landed in the colony. My father arrived a year or two after; but we were located near the Williamses, and an intimacy between the families began through my forming acquaintance with the eldest daughter, a little girl of twelve or thirteen, whom I used to meet herding sheep on the flats."

At these words a smile passed over the features of some of the younger gentlemen, and a deeper colour flushed for an instant across the speaker's sunburnt face, as he detected it: but, recovering himself quickly, he continued with more boldness and independence of manner. "Yes; such was her employment; for her father, at first a ruined man, had shared fully in the misfortunes and difficulties of the early colonists; and Jessie Williams was not the only girl, by many, who was for a time compelled to forget former delicate breeding and refinement, to make herself useful to her family in any way that the exigence demanded; and I could name more than one young lady, now very differently situated, as circumstances have improved with time, whom I can remember to have seen at her age, burnt brown as little gipsies, herding both sheep, and calves, and pigs, as happy and contented as though they never wished for anything better. But, after a little, matters began to mend; the Williamses' house was built, a garden formed, and some land brought under cultivation. Bechuanas were procured for servants, and Jessie resigned the care of the sheep for that of the house; for her father had once been very affluent, though, as I have said, he came ruined to the colony, and her mother was slowly dying of a broken heart, from the reverses and hardships which she had seen and suffered. As the eldest daughter of a large family, of whom but one brother was her elder, in such a place as on our frontier, Jessie was called on for much which might have seemed beyond her years; yet all her duties were performed with an activity and judgment, which rendered her a blessing to the home, of which those miserable ruins we saw to-day are the only remnants. I have spoken a great deal of Jessie: but she was the prominent person in what followed: and I — I can never forgive myself for being in part the cause.

"It was some years after the times I first mentioned, for Jessie was nearly eighteen, and, indeed, her marriage was only delayed until her next sister should be better able to take her place, when, unfortunately, a Kafir saved my life near the banks of the Karrega, where I had been hunting. You know that our tigers, as we call the leopards which infest our jungle, rarely attack mankind, especially in daylight, unless they are the first aggressors; but I was so in this instance; for, a tiger-cub crossing my path the moment after I had shot a bird, I discharged at him the remaining barrel, which chanced to be loaded with swan-shot. The sharp cry he gave while falling was instantly lost in a fierce and angry growl, as an enraged tigress burst from the thicket close by, and, leaping over her dying cub, after one sorrowful look, she crouched for a second, and sprang upon me. I warded off the attack with my fowling-piece as best I could; but with my only weapon unloaded, and the tigress urged on by all the fury of maternal vengeance, it was a somewhat unequal combat, and I was beginning to have great misgivings as to the result, when, even amid the deep growling of the ferocious animal, I heard a whizzing sound, and the next instant she sank down, still holding the barrel of my gun, which she had grasped with her teeth. In another minute the assegai which was quivering in her side was followed by a second, struck in by a dark hand, and pinning her to the very earth on which she lay, and after a few struggles the tigress was beyond the power of injuring any human being. I turned to thank my preserver, a tall young Kafir, equipped in an old full-dress uniform of the Cape Rifles, which some officer had given him.

"He was Umhāta, a captain, or chief, of the Amakosa, and showed me his pass for entering the colony with two attendants, who by this time had joined us. There was nothing in it authorising the bearing of weapons, which were, against all usage, carried by each of them; but that was an infraction of rules with which I was little likely to quarrel, since it had, in all probability, saved my life. I was, indeed, very anxious to show my gratitude; and, being expected that evening by the Williamses, I took the chief with me, and introduced him to my friends. Umhāta was uncommonly well-looking for a Kafir; he had less than the customary flatness of features, and appeared on the whole exceedingly intelligent and able to appreciate the efforts to please and amuse him, which a tolerable knowledge of Dutch on his own part rendered easier. On the following morning, I returned home, and Umhāta and his Kafirs went on to Graham's Town, where I wish to God they had gone at first, without coming near either Karrega or Kowie!"

"And where would you have been in that case?" observed one of my companions.

"Perhaps dead," replied the settler, in an absent tone.

He was stooping forward, with a sprig of myrtle in his hand, which he had been twisting idly round his fingers, and he remained for some seconds tearing the leaves in a moody silence, which no one cared to interrupt. At length he cast the branch to a distance with an impatient gesture, and, rising to an erect posture, proceeded abruptly.

"About a week afterwards, I was surprised, on riding over to the Williamses one evening, to find the whole family both indignant and annoyed. Umhāta had called there again, that day, and been received, as before, with civility and kindness, on which he so far presumed as flatly to ask Mr. Williams for his daughter to be his wife."

"What!" exclaimed in one breath several of his auditors.

"It was as I have said; nor was it the only time that such a demand has been made on the frontier. Williams at first tried to treat the subject, as has been generally done, as a jest—not that such jests are by any means agreeable to meet with—but when the Kafir proved himself most seriously in earnest by large offers of cattle in exchange for his beloved and beautiful Jessie, the father's indignation fairly got the better of his prudence, and he expressed his abhorrence of the proposal, and contempt for the proposer, as, I dare say, most of us would have done under like circumstances. The eldest of his sons also was drawn into the room by the noise of the discussion, and echoed his words with even greater vehemence; and the Kafir left them in a paroxysm of rage, for which he did not appear able to find utterance. This was what had happened but a little before my arrival, and Jessie was still weeping from the mortification and annoyance the news had occasioned her, and her father and brother were boiling with indignation which Umhāta's insolence had excited.

"I was very ready to share in the feelings of all, and it was some time before the general irritation had so far subsided as to let us try to think of anything else. At length, however, we were all laughing and talking, much as usual, as we sat together after supper in the sitting-room, into which, as was the case with most of the early English settlers' houses, the entrance-door opened. It grew late, and I was only waiting until the moon should be up a little while, that I might have more light for my ride home, when there was a sound as though some person gave one loud, single knock upon the door, which shook with the violence of the blow. 'Who can that be?' cried Alick; and he hastened immediately to open the door. No one was there, but an assegai, yet trembling from the force with which it had been hurled, was struck deep into the very centre of the panelling. Alick's exclamation drew us all round him in an instant, and we understood but too well the meaning of what we saw. The first impulse of Mr. Williams was to pluck out the spear, and, breaking it in two, throw it over the stoop. This was the work of a moment; when, instantly recollecting the imprudence of our remaining where we were, he insisted on our immediate return to the house.

"There was no need of guesswork to discover the sender of this declaration of Kafir enmity: Umhāta, and Umhāta only, had received an affront which might occasion it; but how he might follow up this hostile message was the doubt. The girls were terrified beyond all description, and I of course thought no more of going home that night, remaining to add one to their few defenders, if need should be. But all was as quiet as though no Kafir had been on this side of the Keiskamma, notwithstanding that the assegai which Williams had flung over the stoop was in the morning nowhere to be seen. Indeed, it was folly in us to think that Umhāta would have the imprudence to venture on any act of vengeance with merely the two followers he had brought into the colony. Yet we naturally took every possible precaution; and, for weeks after this, I never passed a single night absent from the house.

"But month followed month without anything more being seen of Umhāta or his warriors, till, at length, we began to laugh at our former fears, and to consider his declaration of deadly feud as but an empty threat. The Williamses began to relax in vigilance also, and I no longer rode over to join them every evening; in fact, we gave up all ideas of danger. But again, about the same hour as before, I was on the point of ordering my horse, to go home, when a blow was struck smartly against the outer door. 'Keep back, girls!' said Alick; and, though with more precaution than on the first occasion, the door was opened, and a broken assegai found with its iron head driven forcibly into the wood. 'Ay, I thought they had got it back; and they can have it again,' said young Williams; and, drawing out the assegai, he hurled it, like a dart, farther than, in the uncertain starlight, we could see; but an exclamation as of pain, uttered in a Kafir voice, told us at once that the savages were loitering near, and of Alick's aimless weapon having found an unexpected mark.

"We retreated instantly into the house, collected the servants, and made all the preparations before arranged, fully expecting an attack; but the night passed quietly away, and in the morning nothing was to be seen connected with the last night's disturbers. Not a horse, nor a single head of cattle was missing; no attempt at any aggression had been made; and, had there not been so many present, we might have thought it all a dream; for even the assegai had a second time disappeared—nothing remained, excepting the marks that it had left on the door.

"Still, as it seemed with little reason, great caution was for some days exercised, and I made a custom of riding over in the evening, to return in the morning, though at that time it was not an easy matter for me to stay so much from home. On the fourth evening, however, I galloped over to the Williamses about sunset, but could remain scarcely any time, my mother being then so ill, that we were expecting her death every hour—indeed, she died the next day—and I could not leave her long at such a time, especially when all was going on so quietly with my friends, that they began to consider that to alarm them was the most Umhāta intended.

"I took leave of the family, and rode away with a heart sad enough, though I never thought my parting from some of them would have been so long; but I knew not whether my mother might not have breathed her last during my absence. I rode away, and reached home a little after nightfall. About that time, the whole of the Williamses, from the eldest to the youngest, were in the sitting-room, when they heard the rapid tread of more than one horse cantering up the slope before the house, and in a minute some person sprang on the stoop, and, hurrying to the door, knocked several times as with the handle of a samboc.[1] Every one thought of me as the late traveller; and, wondering what could have brought me back so soon, Alick hastened to let me in. But the door was scarcely opened, when he fell, with an assegai through his breast, a victim to the stratagem so commonly practised by the Kafirs in our frontier wars. The screams of the poor, frightened children brought the servants and herdsmen from the kitchen; but, unarmed as all were, it was only to fly; that is, such as had power left to do so: for a crowd of Kafirs had by that time filled the room, with Umhāta at their head, no longer in civilized attire. In his hand he held a broken assegai, which, with a savage cry, he threw at Mr. Williams; but, whether it was that the shortness of the spear embarrassed his aim, or that at that moment Jessie flung herself into her father's arms, the fatal weapon missed its mark—and there was one angel more in heaven.

"Bad as he was, Umhāta had not meant to kill her. He raised a yell of horror at the sight, and, tearing the poor girl from her father's encircling arm, he endeavoured to stanch the wound with fragments of her dress. But it was of no use, as he soon discovered; and, leaving her lifeless on the ground, he started up to assist his followers in the fiendish work which they had already nearly finished.

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[1] Riding-whip of rhinoceros' skin.

"Williams was by this time dead, with as many wounds as he had enemies, and his second daughter was still clinging to him, as she had done throughout, though they had spared her life; but she was covered with blood, and her hands and arms were cut in many places; while of her brothers and sisters, only one was left in life. No sooner did she recognize Umhāta, than, careless, or ignorant of his being her sister's murderer, Margaret sprang to his side, and, seizing his arm, implored his mercy in words he could not entirely fail to understand. For a moment he appeared to hesitate; but he was perhaps tired of the sight of death, or his revenge was satisfied with its ample harvest; for, speaking to his warriors in a commanding tone, he shook the weeping girl from his arm; but there was no longer danger from their weapons, for the work of blood was ended—I had almost said, the work of destruction: but, in a short time, the Williamses' dwelling was a mass of flame, and Umhāta and his men were on their way to Kafirland, sweeping off all the horses, cattle, and sheep, to be found on the farm."

"And Margaret, what became of her?" we inquired. "She lived to tell the fate of her family?"

"She lived—but not to tell it," said the settler. "A young brother, who, as I have said, survived the massacre, escaped with Margaret from the house, when the Kafirs fired it; he it was who described the occurrence, and who, finding his way in the darkness through the bush and over the hills, was the first to bring us, before daylight, the horrible tidings. I rode over at once, with some of the servants, but only to find the house I had left a few hours before a heap of smoking ruins, and Margaret some fifty yards away, where she had sunk down insensible, overpowered with terror and distress. She was taken to my father's house; but the shadow of that dark hour of fear and anguish was cast over her mind, obscuring both sense and memory, and has never passed away.

"Since then, time alone has brought any change to the ruin which met that morning's light: it has been left untouched, like many another homestead which the hand of the savage has laid desolate, when the hearts of the survivors have been wounded too deeply to permit their ever fixing their residence on a spot stained by so many painful recollections. And young Williams is of that number: he is now a partner in one of the first mercantile houses in Cape Town; but Margaret still remains with me, my sole companion, since my father's death left me otherwise alone in the world. And it would grieve me to part with her; for she is to me as a memorial—a melancholy one, perhaps, but therefore the more fitting—of my long friendship for those so near, and once so very dear to her, who now forgets that they ever lived."

He said no more; and, though some might have wished yet none dared to ask where had been Jessie Williams's lover all the while, or how he bore the tidings of her fate; but I, for one, heard only what I anticipated, when, a few days subsequently, we learned that from his own lips we had heard the melancholy tale, and that it was he, the hopes and happiness of whose existence had been for ever blighted by those sad events, who now protected as his own the helpless sister of her whom he had so loved and lost.

THE IGNIS FATUUS.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

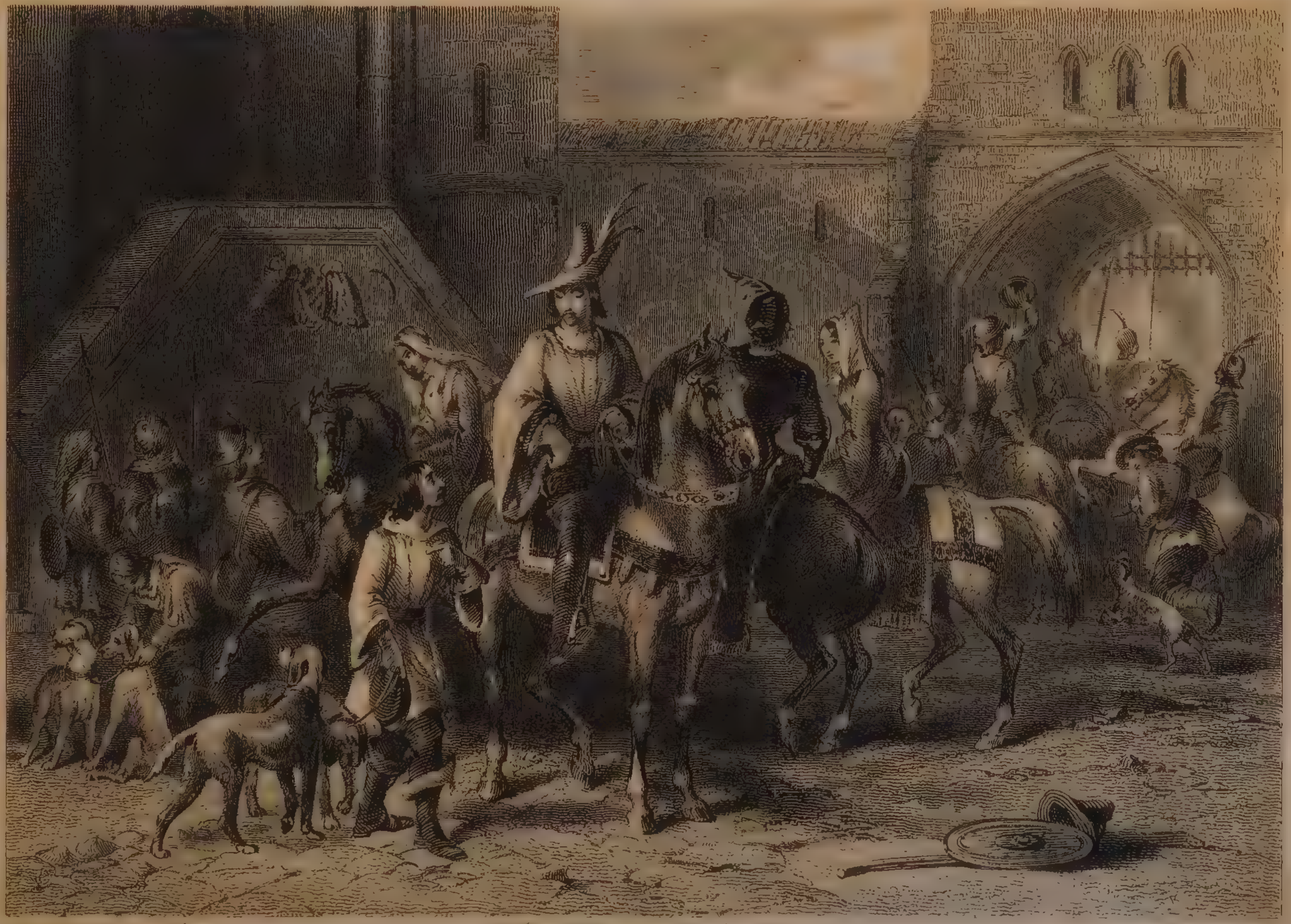
Come, trav'ler, come! the lady moon
  Has veiled her changing face;
The blinking stars, that blazed aboon,
  Are quenched, or in disgrace;
The murky night is drear and damp,
  On hill, and vale, and lea;
And I will serve thee as a lamp—
  Come, follow, follow me!

O'er caverns deep, and crumbling banks,
  Dark stream, and damp lagune,
We play our jack-o'-lantern pranks,
  And dance to Whimsey's tune.
And where we hold our merry rout,
  Through bramble, brake, and fen,
I to the dance will lead thee out—
  But, never back again!

For men, we know, though none knows why,
  Do love to be deceived;
And, with the true before their eye,
  The false is first believed.
For swamp and pool they quit their way,
  Or thorny paths pursue,
In chase, or dance, with *feux follets*,
  Life's hurried journey through.

On airy heights they reel and waltz,
  Or, dazzled, speed them on:
Their heads are whirled, their ground is false—
  They plunge! they're gone! they're gone!
They're in the deep, without a shore—
  All fathomless! and then
They bide the truth: we know no more—
  They're never back again!

Newburyport, Massachusetts, U. S.



H. K. Browne, del. [illegible] [illegible]

THE HUNTING OF THE LADY MAUDE.

THE HUNTING OF THE LADY MAUDE.

The wild horn cleaves the quivering air,
  And wakens Lady Maude;
Scant time hath she for hasty prayer—
  The merry hunt's abroad.

Softly she passes her stepson's door;
  For he lies sick to death;
And her cheek grows pale at the low, thick wail
  Of the fever-tightened breath.

She drops a kiss on her baby's brow,
  Who smiles as he sleeps, so fair,
And a thought of sin springs up within—
  "Thou shalt, ere long, be heir!"

She's on her panting steed—but stay!
  Ere starts the gallant train,
Three Maskers, robed in quaint array,
  Stand by her palfrey's rein.

FIRST MASKER.

O! scatter not the holy dew,
From Heaven's pure treasure sent!
It comes from God, to flower and sod,
Nature's sweet sacrament;
Or like that tearful balm which pours
Upon the soul, sin-worn,
And by each healing drop restores
The freshness of its morn.

SECOND MASKER.

O! scare not from his green recess
The shy and graceful deer!
Break not the forest silentness
With sounds of strife and fear!
The joy of every living thing
In river, field, or grove,
Is Nature's glad thank-offering
Unto the God of love!

THIRD MASKER.

Is this a time for woodland mirth,
And clarion's echoing blast?
Back! Death is crouching by thy hearth!
Back! Pray, and weep, and fast!

Lo, sweet bells summon thee to prayer,
In pillared solitudes,
Where, on the still and separate air,
God's awful presence broods!
Pray for that happy soul, whose race
Is closed at once below,
While yet the fragrant drops of grace
Cling to the sealèd brow!

They ceased. Awhile the lady gazed,
Wondering, from face to face—
Then, half indignant, half amazed,
Bade scourge them from the place.

Unmoved and proud, she spake aloud,
As merrily forth she rode,
"Why, what reck I, if Albert die?
It is the will of God!"

The chace is o'er, and at the door,
When home the lady sped,
There stood an ancient serving-man,
Who spake, "The child is dead!"

The dame waxed pale, the dame waxed red—
Her cold heart woke at last:
"Oh, God, I sought not this!" she said,
As up the stair she past.

The faint voice of a feeble child
  Says "Welcome!" in her ears;
Her white lips part—her eyes grow wild—
  'Tis Albert's tone she hears!
And she sees him stand, with outstretched hand,
  And she knows not what she fears.

But, lo! her maidens point and weep,
  And the lady holds her breath—
She sees her own sweet babe asleep!
  Nay—'tis the sleep of death!

Most like a broken lily, culled
  Ere the sun's ray hath found it,
Its whiteness by no earth-stain dulled,
  But the river freshness round it.

The mother neither moves nor speaks,
  But stands with lips apart,
And stiffening limbs, and bloodless cheeks,
  And hands upon her heart.

Three days and nights that deep eclipse
  Upon her spirit lay;
No word of comfort passed her lips,
  Although they moved alwày.

At length—but half unconsciously,
  As if a statue spake—

Solemn as sounds of prophecy,
These words did from her break—

"Blest is that happy soul, whose race
Is closed at once below,
While yet the fragrant drops of grace
Cling to the sealèd brow!

"Yet is there balm in tears, which pour
Upon the soul, sin-worn,
And slowly, drop by drop, restore
The freshness of its morn.

"I needed, Lord, this woe to prove
What now no more I doubt—
The niggard soul that shuts out Love
Shall be by Love shut out!"[1]

S. M.

THE MOURNER.

BY MRS. ABDY.

Oh! do not strive by lute and lay
To charm her settled grief away;
Seek not, when evening's shadows fall,
To lead her to the lighted hall;

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[1] "Who shuts out Love, shall be by Love shut out."
See Mr. Stanley's magnificent prize poem, "The Gipsies."

Think not the scenes of happier years
Can soothe her woe, or dry her tears—
Her joy is past, her hopes are fled,
Her thoughts are ever with the dead.

Ask not in soft and whispered strain
If Love may win her ear again;
Say not she yet may own on earth
A cheerful home, a social hearth—
The heart that genuine love has nursed
Can feel no passion save the first;
Seek not to woo her—she is wed
In soul and spirit to the dead.

But when she sorrows for her love,
Point to the glorious skies above,
And bid her hope henceforth to share
Communion with her loved one there;
And she shall smile amid her grief,
And own the power of true belief
A light upon the path to shed
Of her whose heart is with the dead.

THE PLANTER OF LOUISIANA.

It was the month of October, 1840: the sun rose above the dark glades of the low grounds which form the eastern bank of the Mississipi. The mocking-bird rocked himself in the tulip-trees of the gardens; flocks of brisk, fluttering orioles intoxicated themselves with the luscious berries of the quinquina; huge snow-white herons sailed, with slowly flapping wings, over the surface of the river, or stood on the trunk of a tree lying in the water, intently watching for the appearance of small fish. Nature was keeping her sabbath—not so man.

On the road running along the Mississipi, between the plantations and the massive dyke thrown up to protect them from the inundations of the river, appeared a train of negro slaves, men, women, and children, in double file, descending from the Atchafalaya settlements, followed by a waggon drawn by oxen, containing their baggage. These poor wretches were not fettered, neither were they even bound together by cords: but on each side of the troop rode two overseers, armed with loaded double-barrel guns; and the leader of the caravan carried not only a rifle and a knife, but also a pair of horse-pistols stuck in his belt.

The negroes seemed to care but little about these threatening indications; they proceeded side by side, laughing and singing, and passed the time in telling stories and making fun. The higher the sun rose, the more bustle there was upon the road; and the negroes were frequently overtaken by Creoles and American settlers, mounted on their little spirited mustangs, who, after exchanging a few words with the guide and surveying the slaves for a moment, pulled up while they passed on, and then, following at a foot-pace the course of the river, directed their steps towards the court-house of Pointe Coupée. There the greater part of the planters of the whole parish had meanwhile assembled, to attend the sale of the property, moveable and immoveable, of a Frenchman who had recently died on the Great Bend; and the sale commenced soon afterwards with the usual formalities, with the plantation, the buildings, and the "wild land" of the deceased. By and by, the slaves, thirty-one in number, reached the place of their destination, and were drawn up by the overseers, some singly, others in families, for inspection.

The thoughtless gaiety of the negroes had by this time subsided: the serious importance of the coming hour, which must decide their future lot, seemed to force itself upon them, and no sound but now and then a slight whisper proceeded from the unfortunate creatures. Their timid and anxious looks wandered from one to another of the company whose scrutiny they were undergoing, to read beforehand in their countenances what fate awaited them, if they should happen to be purchased by this or that person. At length, the sheriff gave the signal for beginning, and an athletic negro, with broad features, good-natured face, and truly herculean arms, was first brought forward: he was followed by his young wife, a sickly-looking creature, with hollow eyes and sunken cheeks, leading a child by the hand, and carrying an infant on her arm.

"Nero," said the sheriff, who officiated as auctioneer, reading the description in the catalogue, "Nero, a male slave, thirty-five years old, of robust make and strong constitution, by trade a smith, also particularly clever at handling the axe; Mary, his wife, eighteen years old, especially useful in the cotton field; Scipio, her child, three years old; a female infant at the breast."

"Will you not sell the man separately, sheriff?" inquired a planter from Feliciana parish: "the woman looks tarnation thin!" The unhappy mother pressed her babe to her bosom, and looked anxiously around the circle; while her husband clutched at her hand, as if fearful of being parted from her.

"No," replied the sheriff; "the families are not to be separated." A deep respiration, which seemed to be drawn from the inmost recesses of the soul, lightened the hearts of the poor creatures at this explanation.

"Six hundred dollars," said a Creole from False River. "Six hundred and fifty."—"Seven hundred."—"Eight hundred."—"A thousand!" cried a short, punchy man with benevolent countenance, who had just ridden into the inner yard of the court-house, but not yet dismounted, and who knew the slaves then under the hammer.

"A thousand dollars!" repeated the sheriff, as an instantaneous pause ensued—"gentlemen, a thousand dollars!—the man alone is worth twelve hundred!"

"A thousand and fifty," said a prodigiously tall man in a blue frock-coat and nankeen trousers. The negro cast an imploring look at the short, burly bidder, who seemed to understand it, for he nodded to the sheriff and said, "Fifty more!"

"Master Turnbull," said the tall man, stepping up to him, in a low tone, "don't bid any higher against me; we can afterwards settle between ourselves about the man."

"Are you in earnest?" asked Turnbull, fixing his eyes intently upon him. "Would you part man and wife, eh? You must be a slave-trader, I guess?"

"That is my business," replied his tall opponent; "so let me bid, and when they are knocked down to me, we can agree together about the smith. —Twenty more!" he then cried, raising his voice, and turning away from Turnbull.

"A hundred more!" exclaimed Turnbull; and the eyes of the two slaves sparkled with joy. "Go to the devil!" growled the slave-dealer, stepping to the other side, to look at the next lots. "Twelve hundred and twenty!" cried the sheriff. "Twelve hundred and twenty for the first time — for the second time — for the third time," he repeated; and, at the last word, rapped with his stick upon the railing. "They are yours, Mr. Turnbull."

In anxious suspense the two negroes had awaited the biddings of the purchaser; in joyous haste, they now went up to their new master, for Turnbull was known for the best-hearted man in the whole parish, grasped his hands, kissed and pressed them, and behaved like children who have had a new toy given them. "I began to be afraid that massa would not come," said Nero, seizing his master's hand afresh, and then patting the little mettlesome nag which he rode.

"Away with you! away!" cried Turnbull, affecting displeasure; "be off! Devil take it! you are ready to tear the clothes off one's back! But hark ye, Nero; go to the tavern just by, with your wife, and get something to eat: only say, for Turnbull." He then turned again to the sale, which had recommenced; and the slaves, happy in belonging to so good a master, hastened to follow his directions.

The sale went on quietly. In addition to his former purchase, Turnbull bought a boy of twelve and a girl of seventeen years, the former for four hundred dollars, and the latter for six hundred; and the slave-dealer two whole families, which, he said, he should take to Kentucky. Among these was an almost white girl of sixteen, for whom several planters offered him a considerable sum; but he declared that in the North he should get a much better price for the fair native of the South. Giving the slaves knocked down to him into the charge of his overseers, he took the way to the neighbouring ferry, with the intention of proceeding to Bayou Sarah, and thence up the Mississipi in a steamer which was lying there.

"What makes Hawthorn look so dismal to-day?" said a young planter of the neighbourhood to Turnbull: "he has not bid once, and I have several times heard him sigh heavily."

"His property is to be sold on the first Monday in November," replied Turnbull, feelingly, "and he may well be low-spirited when he thinks what he must come to in less than a month. He has engaged in too many speculations, and cannot pay his debts. I am sorry for him, and also for the capital gang of slaves that he has—fifty-two head at least—who will now be separated."

"It is not exactly that which preys upon his heart," said a Creole, stepping up to them; "he has just informed me that the cholera has broken out on his plantation, and, as he tells me, between noon the day before yesterday and this morning when he left home, seventeen have died."

"The devil!" exclaimed his astonished auditors.

"Ay, ay! 'tis no joke!" rejoined the Creole. "Indeed, it is not right for him to go in this manner among other people; who knows but he may be infected himself!"

"In these bad times, that was the only calamity wanting," said Turnbull, shaking his head; "a touch of cholera among the negroes, to rid us quickly of our property, and then we may join the volunteers for Texas: a rifle and a horse will at any rate be left us. But here comes Hawthorn: he shall tell us whether he considers the matter so very dangerous."

The man of whom they were speaking was slender almost to meagreness, with very prominent cheek-bones and animated gray eyes, which never dwelt for five seconds together on one point, but were incessantly roving from one person to another in a company. But a load of care seemed to oppress his heart: his face was pale, and his hair and his whole dress exhibited the appearance of neglect. Slightly bowing, he would have passed the group, when Turnbull stepped before him.

"Why, Hawthorn, what has happened to you since I saw you last? You don't look as you used to do. Bless my soul, man, you must not let a contrary wind upset you so easily. Who knows but to-morrow it may blow from a better quarter!"

"Turnbull," replied the planter, taking the hand of his kind comforter, "a man can bear severe misfortune, nay, the severest; when it comes upon us in its most terrible form, the strong mind may bear up against it; but when it comes gradually, drop by drop, always galling the same spot, then it not merely bows down the spirit, it paralyzes the energies of the soul, and the heart is absolutely broken."

"Courage, Hawthorn! courage!" cried Turnbull; "we live in a land where sudden changes of fortune are not uncommon: one successful speculation may make you as rich, ay, richer, than ever you were."

"It is all over with me," replied the American, shaking his head. "For these five years past, misfortune has incessantly pursued me. It first began with the failure of the cotton harvest—true, none of you fared any better than myself; next year my cotton-gin[1] was burned, probably set on fire by a slave, and with it a great part of my crop; in 1837, the murrain carried off most of my cattle; in the following year, I tried a speculation with Texas, bought three hundred mules there, was attacked and plundered, as you know, by the Cumanches, and escaped only by a miracle with a whole scalp. Last year, I suffered myself to be persuaded to invest my money in the Consolidated Bank, which very soon afterwards stopped payment. I bore up against all these misfortunes, hoping, at least, by the sale of my slaves to satisfy my creditors, and to hold up my head like an honest man; and now this sickness breaks out among them—my son, the doctor, is even afraid that it is the cholera—and God knows whether in a week I shall not be a beggar!"

He ceased speaking, and Turnbull eyed him with compassionate look. "Why not send your healthy slaves into another parish, to save them, at least, from the disease?"

"How dare I?" replied Hawthorn; "they, like all the rest of my property, are declared for sale, and you know that I have now no right to dispose of them."

"I will ride over with you," said Turnbull, after a pause of painful silence; "I will see myself what can be done."

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[1] The machine for separating the cotton-wool from other matters.

"Of what use would that be?" replied Hawthorn. "You could do no good, and would only run the risk of infection."

"I will go with you, nevertheless, if but to ascertain whether danger threatens the other settlements. But, what are they bringing now?—it seems the sale is not over yet!"

This last exclamation was drawn forth by the appearance of a man, cased, one might almost say, in fetters, who was just then brought forward by the deputy-sheriff. He was a mulatto, who had been apprehended, but whose master could not be discovered. He asserted himself that he was free, but could not produce any kind of proof, and was now to be sold, in the name of the State, to the highest bidder. He was put in chains, because he had, in spite of all precautions, escaped three times from different prisons, and the last time nearly killed the turnkey. Nobody was disposed to bid for him, and in vain the sheriff offered him for a long while at the low price of two hundred dollars. A planter from the environs of New Orleans, who happened to be present, at length resolved to take him and to employ him on his sugar plantation; he accordingly bought him for two hundred and one dollars.

"He can't easily get away from me," said the buyer, laughing; "for he must swim across the lake, and there my alligators keep a sharp look-out—famous fellows for that purpose—though they have crippled me three slaves, one of whom narrowly escaped with the loss of a leg, and the other two with that of an arm apiece: it has been a warning to the rest, however; so that not one of them would now venture into the water up to his waist, if it were to save the life of his own father. But how shall I get the fellow to Waterlow?"

"Here's a capital chance for you," said one; "yonder is the bread-cart going back; you can put him into that."

"'Tis a good idea!" cried the New Orleans man, and, laying hold of the end of the chain, led the slave to the cart, which, drawn by a single lean pony, just then rattled past.

"Halloo, *Monsieur!* can you take my slave to Waterlow for me, and leave him there at G. Pleuvier's?"

"*Impossible!*" cried the driver; "the cart is crammed—no room for a dog, much less for a lusty negro and a hundred weight and a half of chains into the bargain!"

"Suppose we were to fasten him behind!" replied the planter: "he need not ride; only be sure to deliver him right!"

"*Certainement!*" rejoined the Creole, laughing: "fasten him behind, and then he may help to shove the cart along. But if he is used to slow motions, I am sorry that I shall not be able particularly to consult his convenience, for I am in a hurry, and he will be obliged to run a bit. I must go the six miles in an hour and a half."

"Oh! if that's all, 'twill only supple his joints for him a little."

Meanwhile, the slave was led to the tail of the light tilted cart, and fastened to it with two strong padlocks. The Creole then drove off at a jog-trot, with which the prisoner was forced to keep pace, if he wished to avoid being dragged along the road.

Turnbull and Hawthorn, who had meanwhile crossed the ferry, rode on through Bayou Sarah and St. Francisville, both thriving little towns, towards the plantation of the latter, about six miles distant. Dreary and desolate was the appearance of the place: all labour was suspended; the hedges were broken down; the windows of the dwelling-house open, as though it were deserted by the inhabitants; the horses were grazing in the garden, trampling down the flowers, and browsing on the fruit-trees. The once beautiful settlement looked more like a place which had been surprised and plundered by banditti, than the peaceful abode of a Louisiana planter. Here and there were seen groups of negroes talking together: they seemed scarcely to notice the arrival of their master; and one only, leaving the rest, came forward and stationed himself at the head of his horse.

"Well, Hannibal," said Hawthorn, "how are things going on? are the sick any better?"

"During the last three hours," sorrowfully replied the old slave, "four have died, and William and Cœleste are at the last gasp—I am not quite well myself," he added, after a brief pause—"Hannibal's turn will soon come now."

"Shocking!" exclaimed Turnbull. Hawthorn made no reply; while his haggard eye was gloomily fixed on vacancy.

The door of a small dwelling situated in the centre of the negro huts opened, and two wide coffins were borne by twelve negroes down the steps leading from it. The blacks standing about joined the procession, and all, with the exception of Hannibal, who remained with his master, disappeared in a small grove of magnolias, which bordered one side of the plantation.

"And why only two coffins?" asked Hawthorn, after a pause, in which Turnbull had been contemplating those receptacles with feelings of mingled awe and horror.

"There was not time, massa, to make a separate coffin for each. They die too quick; the seven carpenters we have left—two already lie in yonder mound—have worked hard in these last days; but the disease is so rapid they can't keep pace with it."

"Well, well," said Hawthorn, motioning impatiently with his hand, "do as you please, for aught I care—would that I were at rest too!" Then, addressing himself to Turnbull, "Won't you step into my hospital?" said he: "'tis worth while to take a glance at it; if I had the charge of the sick of a whole town, the scene could not be more dismal. I have appropriated the house of my overseer to the purpose, and taken him into my own dwelling."

"No, I thank you," said Turnbull, shily receding a step: "one ought not to run uselessly into danger. The disease is contagious, and I should not like to carry it home with me. But who comes yonder?"

"One of my negroes," replied Hawthorn; "my overseer was to send him off this morning to the neighbouring plantations for provisions; and, I see, he is coming back with the baskets."

The slave rode up to his master and flung the empty baskets on the ground. "How is this, Scipio?" said Hawthorn, with surprise; "why have you not brought what you were sent for?"

"They won't let nigger into the plantation," replied the slave in an angry tone. "All say, nigger may go to the devil—him bring plague along with him!"

"So I feared!" exclaimed Hawthorn, with a sigh. "I shall ride back with you, Turnbull," said he, turning sharply towards him; "I must change the scene: if I stay another day among my people, I shall go mad!"

"Come, then," said the other, who was not sorry to get out of the dangerous neighbourhood of the sick; "perhaps ways and means may still be found to help you: an honest man ought never to despond while he has a horse to ride and a head to speculate with. Come home with me. There you may recruit yourself; perhaps the disease may meanwhile exhaust itself here, and, at any rate, you will be out of the danger yourself."

Silently they turned their horses back to the road, and left the place to its awful solitude and desolation: but, before they had passed the clearing and entered the bush, they heard the wild laments of the negroes, who were consigning their friends and relations to the grave.

It is a singular feeling that pervades the mind of the boldest and most undaunted, when he approaches a spot where a contagious disease is raging, and where Death, treacherously sallying from an ambush, seizes his victim, before the latter is aware of his fatal proximity. Many a man will rush with fearless heart and undismayed spirit upon a line of bristling bayonets: but his foot falters when he is to enter a district where pestilence is holding its horrid revels; he would attack with courage the enemy whom he could look in the face — but here, where he has reason to apprehend death in every friendly pressure of the hand, in every breath he draws, he turns about and flees from the curse-laden spot. Such was the case with the inhabitants of the parish of West Feliciana: not a creature entered the plantation of the unfortunate Hawthorn; and, when tidings more and more alarming kept arriving, and at last intelligence was received that the dead lay unburied upon their pallets, a real cordon was formed around it.

Four weeks afterwards, at the end of October, several men had assembled at the landing-place of Bayou Sarah, to await the coming of the packet-boat from New Orleans, when a young planter of the neighbourhood galloped up, and gave his horse to a negro standing there to hold. It was the next neighbour of Hawthorn, and all surrounded him and inquired concerning the state of that severely-tried individual.

"Poor fellow! he's gone!" said the young man, looking dolefully around. "What! dead!" they all exclaimed, as with one voice. "Dead!" repeated the planter. "I am just come from the place from which one of the females still in health was accustomed to fetch provisions every morning —though less and less from day to day—and heard the dreadful tidings. The day before yesterday died the last of his male slaves, the faithful Hannibal, who till then held up wonderfully, though continually engaged with the sick. Hawthorn, who, like his son, was in an extraordinary manner exempted from the contagion, could not survive the loss of poor Hannibal; and this morning, as the girl told me, blew out his brains. "Shocking!" was the general exclamation. "The negress told me that his son is nearly distracted, and most bitterly reproaches himself for not calling in another medical man."

"The fellow ought to be hanged!" exclaimed Turnbull, who just then came up. I told the father so: he does not understand his business. No; and he must keep quacking the niggers till he has put them all snugly under the ground. If I were one of the creditors, he should have his desert. What do they think of doing now? How about the sale, next Monday?"

"God knows?" replied a shopkeeper from Bayou Sarah; "since the plague has raged there, nobody has thought about the sale. I am a creditor myself; but for the last fortnight we have given up watching. At first we kept a vigilant eye on the plantation, because we had reason to surmise that he designed to be off with his negroes to Texas, or elsewhere. Now, indeed, we have nothing of that kind to fear; and, though I lose a good deal of money by the calamity, still I am sorry for the poor fellow."

"And where is his son, the doctor?" asked Turnbull.

"I am told," replied the planter, "that, after his father had put an end to himself, he mounted his horse, and galloped off, nobody knows whither."

"We must go over to-morrow, at all events!" cried Turnbull, after a moment's consideration. "It must not be put off any longer. How shall we answer to God and the world for leaving the few poor creatures surviving there without relief or succour! The disease must have exhausted itself."

"I shall not go, for one," said the planter; "this morning, the wind, blowing exactly from that quarter, brought to me the horrible smell of the corpses; I shudder at the mere idea."

"And I shall not go," said the shopkeeper; "I have lost enough by the affair already, and shall not risk my life too."

All made some excuse, or declared frankly that they were afraid of the infection: and Turnbull was obliged to relinquish his philanthropic design; for he could not have accomplished anything by himself.

But what was, meanwhile, the appearance of the plantation, which, shunned by everybody, seemed to be abandoned to the evil spirit! There prevailed the silence of the grave. The vultures wheeled in narrow circles around one of the negro huts, and flew into the neighbouring trees, watching there with greedy eyes the place, where, but for the laths which barred the entrance, a sumptuous feast awaited them.

Now sank the sun behind the tops of the magnolias into its green bed; more dreary and dismal became the deserted settlement; while here and there a star faintly glistened in the vault of heaven, when five negroes, enveloped in dark wrappers, advancing speedily but cautiously from different directions, made their appearance, and approached Hawthorn's dwelling-house.

On reaching the back-door, one of them struck with a knife upon an old tin coffee-pot, which seemed to have been thrown away, and repeated the signal five times before the door opened; and, in the complete accoutrement of the western backwoodsmen, in leathern hunting-frock, gaiters, moccassins, rifle, and knife, forth came Hawthorn, and, after pausing for a moment on the threshold, cast a scrutinizing look around.

"All safe, Hannibal?" he asked, turning to one of the negroes who had just arrived.

"Yes, massa," replied the trusty slave; "there is no danger now; after dark, nobody whatever will trust himself in a place which has got such a bad character. But it is time to start."

"And have you provided boats? Is the way through the magnolia grove clear? Have you taken precautions, in case we should meet anybody?"

"All right, massa," replied Hannibal, with great self-complacency: "the young gentleman is in the boat with William and Scipio, and six more, and we others are enough to carry all the baggage; for what we took last night to the swamp on the bank of the Mississipi is safe enough, and we can take that on board as we pass."

"Well, then, let us make haste, my boy," said Hawthorn, smiling, and patting the old slave familiarly on the shoulder. "You shall be no loser, Hannibal, for serving me so faithfully and zealously, nor any of you. But now let us be off. The minutes are precious, and we have a long way to go."

At a sign from him, Hannibal hastened back to the forsaken house, opened the door, and gave a loud call. The interior, apparently deserted, instantly rang with the confused sound of voices, and a great number of negroes, men, women, and children, hurried joyously into the open air.

"Halt there!" cried Hawthorn, laughing, and raising his arm forbiddingly; "the dead must not make such a noise as to attract the notice of the living. Silence, children! let us get to Texas, and then you shall be as joyous and frolicsome as you please. Now keep quiet. Hannibal and Nelson will show you the things that must be carried to the boats, and be sure to keep the beaten path, that no marks may be left on the borders."

The blacks fell to work with hearty good-will; in a short time each had got his load; the signal was given, and the train set itself in motion. Close to the western boundary of Hawthorn's plantation commenced a thicket of holly and magnificent magnolias, extending for full three miles along both sides of a deep ravine, which conducted a small stream to the lower valley, and through the latter to the bank of the Mississipi. Through this ravine, and through the lower grounds, led a footpath to a log-house which had long ceased to be inhabited on account of a murder that had been committed there. In this hut the prudent Hannibal had stowed the goods carried to the shore in the preceding night; and now he proceeded along that path, followed by the carriers, who strode on rapidly and noiselessly. It was the very night for such an enterprise; a dull, damp fog covered the stars as with a thick veil, so that only here and there one peeped now and then through the dim vapours, while thunder, rolling in the distance, announced an approaching storm.

Hawthorn at first followed the train with the rifle on his shoulder; but now pushed on to get ahead of the file of negroes, for the purpose of making some arrangements with Hannibal, when the latter suddenly stood still, and pointed to something white in the bush.

"There!" he whispered, in a voice scarcely audible, "fire, massa! fire at that white spot! it has nothing to do with this wood!"

"Who's there?" cried the American, presenting his rifle, and advancing a step. "Who's there? Speak, or I shall fire!"

For a moment the figure seemed undecided what to do; but the danger was too pressing to admit of long delay; it advanced with firm steps towards Hawthorn, and placed itself just before him.

"Rally!" he exclaimed, "what brings you hither?"

"The suspicion that things were not in exactly in such a state with you as report represented," answered the young man. "Hawthorn, Hawthorn, you have been playing a scandalous game, and God has sent me hither for your punishment."

"Do you think so?" cried Hawthorn, gnashing his teeth; "do you really think so? and your rascally confederate, Morris, no doubt devised the plan for you to lurk about here? What reward are you to get?"

"At first, it is true, I was employed by Morris for this purpose," replied Rally, drawing himself up to his full height: "but now he knows nothing about my proceedings: I am come of my own motion. I suspected your baseness, but imagine not that you shall escape its just punishment, and then reap the curse that you have sowed."

"Do you think so?" repeated Hawthorn, with smothered rage, as the other turned away from him—"do you really think me fool enough to let you go now that you may proclaim the news to all the world? *Peste!* you must set me down for an egregious fool!"

"Approach me, if you dare!" cried Rally, taking a pistol from his belt. But, at that moment, Hannibal, with iron grasp, seized his arm from behind, and, in spite of his violent struggles and cries for help, he found himself overpowered, and in a few minutes bound and gagged.

"Ascribe this to your rashness and folly," said Hawthorn, as he turned from him to put himself again at the head of the train. "You must, at all events, keep us company to the frontier of Texas; and by that time, perhaps, you will have grown wiser."

"I much doubt it," said Hannibal, with a look of malicious exultation at the young Creole.

"Doubt what?" asked Hawthorn, turning round sharply.

"That—that he will get wiser," replied the black, with hesitation; and, giving the prisoner in charge to two of his trusty fellows, he hastened after Hawthorn.

They reached the low flat; but, with the exception of some deep places which looked like little lakes connected by small arms, the heat of summer had dried the swamp, and, without any interruption of consequence, they pursued their course till they came to the overhanging willows on the river's brink. There they were saluted by the deep-toned cry of an owl, which Hannibal answered with a perfect imitation of the whip-poor-will, and immediately afterwards young Dr. Hawthorn sallied from the bush and welcomed the travellers.

"All right?" asked his father, looking round for the boats.

"All," replied the doctor. "Everything has gone on smoothly; not a creature has observed us, or suspects that we are still walking the earth."

"Yes," said the father, "there is one that knows it; but him we are bringing gagged."

"Do you know him?" inquired the doctor.

"Certainly; it is Rally, the young Creole."

"Hell and the devil! — the spy, but for whose cursed vigilance we might have got out of the country a fortnight ago—Morris's creature! And what do you intend to do with him?"

"To take him along with us to the frontier of Texas," said old Hawthorn.

"Or at least part of the way," muttered Hannibal to himself. "Am I to have the care of the scoundrel?" he asked in a louder tone.

"Do just as you please," replied Hawthorn, descending to the boats; "only contrive to put it out of his power to betray us."

"Ay, ay," said the negro with a grin; and, at his direction, some of the blacks carried the prisoner, struggling with all his might, into one of the boats. "Tie his legs tight!—so!" said Hannibal. "Now let's on board: by daybreak we must be in safety on the other bank, and we have at least fifteen miles to row against the stream. So to work, boys, to work!"

The blacks, men and women, fell to work in good earnest, and they were soon under cover of the little haunted house, overhung by several gigantic cotton-trees. At a given signal, Hawthorn's overseer, who had been guarding the goods there, went to the bank, and, after exchanging a few words, the loading of the boats commenced. Favoured by a fresh breeze from the south, they spread their sails and glided up the Mississipi, keeping as near the shore as possible, to avoid the strong current in the middle of the river.

Hannibal, with six negroes whom he had selected, manned the smallest boat, in which they had laid the prisoner, who, still firmly bound and gagged, was unable to stir. This boat was so good a sailer, that she might have taken the lead; but Hannibal purposely manœuvred in such a way that she should be a cable's length astern of the others, and he stood out rather further into the stream. The stronger rippling at the bows indicated that the boat was now working her way against the whole mass of water, and, after drawing the sail taut, that it might catch the breeze from the Gulf of Mexico, he touched the shoulder of his prisoner, who lay utterly helpless at the bottom of the vessel.

"Rally," said the slave, an infernal smile lighting up his dark features, "Rally, you must recollect how you had Hannibal bound and gagged last spring at Bayou Sarah, because I would not mount guard while you kept your friend's wife company? It is true, you had then another pretext: the 'damned nigger' had been impudent, was even said to have used threatening language, and this demanded exemplary punishment. My master was six miles off, and you knew that the laws were on your side. Do you recollect, too, that, four weeks afterwards, you fired at my brother with swan-shot, because, though he was known to every child in Bayou Sarah, he had come across without passport, and wished to save himself by flight from twenty-four hours' confinement? Again you had the laws on your side—what cared you that the poor fellow was forced to keep his bed for several long months of pain? Do you recollect all this?"

The prisoner gazed with wild, intimidated look on the dark visage that still bent over him with threatening expression, but moved not. "Well," continued Hannibal, lowering his voice, "you have certainly not forgot it; and blessed be the day on which I have it in my power to avenge my poor brother! Commend your soul to God, for you have not another quarter of an hour to live!"

The comparative composure with which the prisoner had at first listened to the black was completely dispelled by this announcement. With the force of despair he strove to burst and to free himself from his bonds; but Hannibal had taken too good care to provide sound cords; and, after a few minutes' useless efforts, the unfortunate man, his brow covered with cold perspiration, relapsed into his former state.

"All in vain!" exclaimed Hannibal, laughing, and shoving a fresh quid of tobacco into his mouth. "To work, my lads! away with him! we must get into stiller water again, or we shall lose our mates; I cannot even see their sails. Away with him!"

The negroes quickly, and as it seemed cheerfully, obeyed the order. The unfortunate man was lifted up, in spite of his struggles, balanced for a moment in their nervous hands, and then, accompanied by a loud *a-ho-y* of the leader, pitched into the river, whose waters, dashed upward by his fall, instantly closed over him.

Hannibal had meanwhile slackened the sail; the boat, no longer propelled against the stream, ceased to make any way; and the negroes attentively watched the drowning wretch rise to the surface, again sink, and rise a second time. When the turbid stream had once more closed over him, Hannibal took the helm, the light boat flew along with swelling sail, filled by a brisk south wind, towards the bank, and glided swiftly and noiselessly up the river.

Morning already dawned when the fugitives brought-to at the mouth of a small stream which falls into the Mississipi below Tunica. "This is the place," said Hannibal, who was again alongside his master's boat: "if you choose to lie-to here to-day, not a creature will find out our retreat in these thickets. We may start again at night, reach the Atchafalaya, land, and finish the journey on shore, before the frightened Creoles dare set foot in the 'plague-den,' as they latterly christened our plantation. How they will stare when they find the dead cows!"

"Well," said Hawthorn, "we will follow your advice—but don't forget to post your sentinels. Have you safely stowed your prisoner?"

"Safe enough," replied Hannibal; and shot away in his little bark into the mouth of the river, which he was the first to enter.

Five weeks after these occurrences, Turnbull received the following letter from Texas:—

"Texas, December 5th, 1840.

"My dear sir—as you are the only man in Louisiana whose opinion is not indifferent to me, I feel impelled to give you a brief explanation of my seemingly dishonourable conduct, which may serve to justify me in some measure in your eyes, or at least to mitigate that judgment which you have already passed upon me in your heart.

"You know to what a desperate situation I was reduced; that I was on the point of losing by a public sale all that was indispensably necessary to my subsistence and future success. I found myself on the brink of an abyss from which my own energy could never afterwards have extricated me. It was essential that I should retain the means of operating, of acting; and these I was about to lose through the greediness of my creditors, especially of that Morris. Surrounded by his spies, I had no way left but to devise some expedient for keeping alike friend and foe aloof from my plantation, and this could be done only by the report of a disease, which was alleged to be making terrible havoc among my slaves; and, as my son was a medical practitioner, I was not obliged to let any other into my confidence.

"It was an easy matter to induce my faithful negroes to second me; for if my plan succeeded they would all remain in my possession. I had always treated them in a just, kind, nay, fatherly manner; whereas a public sale would render their lot quite uncertain; and at all events they would be separated, though most of them were connected by family ties. Hannibal was particularly serviceable to me in this matter: his clever head conducted the whole plot. Empty coffins were kept in readiness, and whenever a stranger appeared at the plantation, these were carried out to be interred, at first with solemn ceremony, but subsequently in gloomy silence, betokening the awfulness of the calamity.

"We soon attained our aim. The neighbours formed a cordon to preserve themselves from infection, and from that time we lived in tolerable security. But, to confirm the notion, to increase the general dread and horror, we killed a couple of cows, and kept the vultures away from them, so that any one approaching the place must be struck by the scent, and imagine that it proceeded from the corpses of those who died too fast to be committed timely to the earth.

"Our plan succeeded: we embarked, sailed up the Mississipi, lay-to for the first day in a patch of reeds which concealed us and our boats, reached in the second night the Atchafalaya, and proceeded down it without further dread of discovery. Not far from the Gulf of Mexico we were to have found mules, by means of which we intended to continue our journey by land: after waiting for them for a whole day, to no purpose, we took advantage of a steamer, which conveyed us, with much greater ease and expedition, to the shore of the wished-for land. On reaching Houston, we set out in high spirits for the interior; and presently the strokes of the axe and the crash of falling trunks resounded on all sides.

"Texas is still a young, unwrought country, and, with those means which I have now at my command, I have the best hopes that in a short time I shall again be a wealthy man, and enabled to pay my debts by degrees, without being myself reduced to beggary.

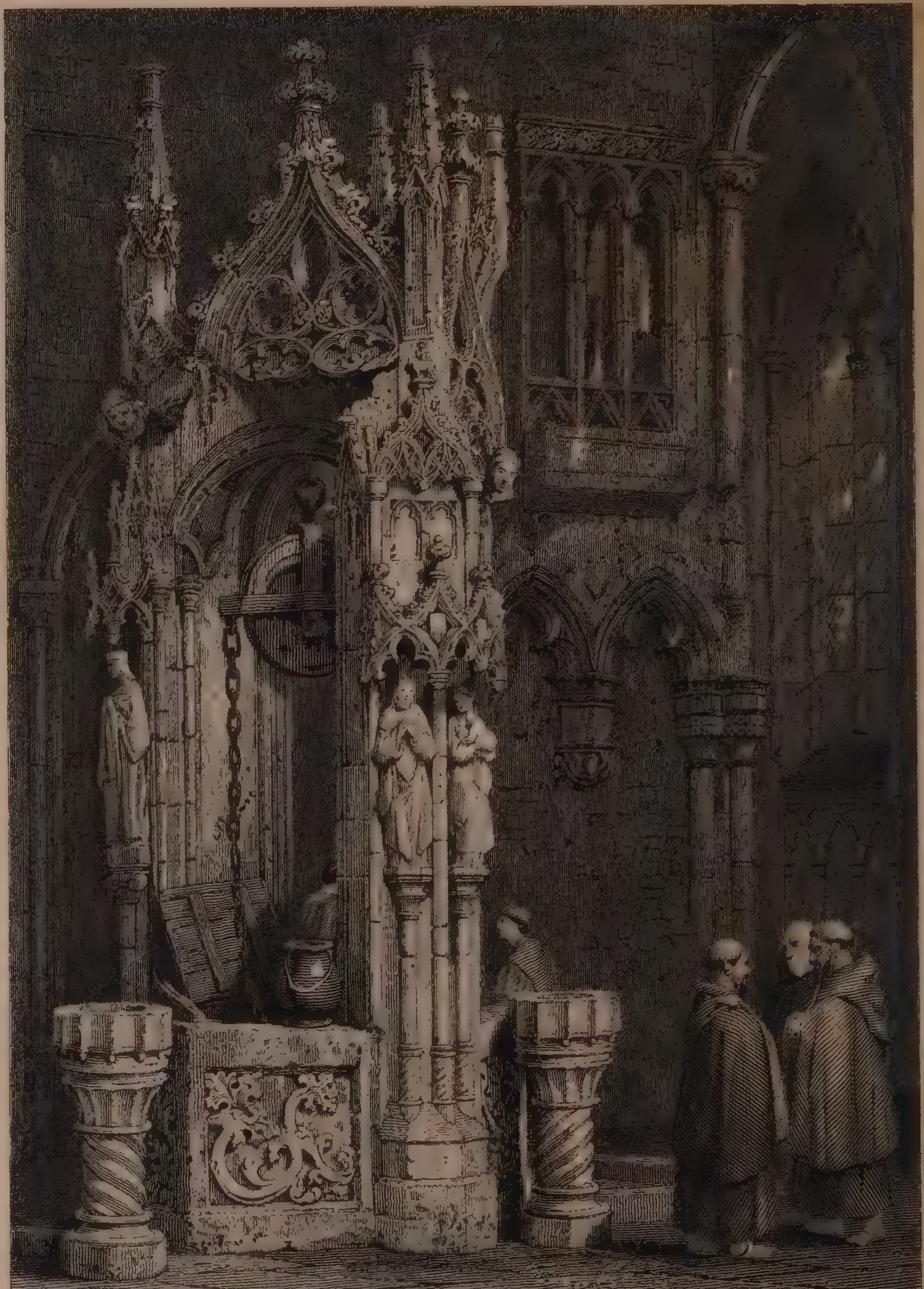
"I refrain as yet from mentioning my place of abode, though I should not mind seeing any of my creditors here. I wish first to do something worth while: then you shall hear from old Hawthorn; and I hope the time will come when, whether in Texas or Louisiana, we shall take many a friendly glass together and exchange many a kind word with each other."

DESPAIR.

BY CHARLES SWAIN, ESQ.

They blame this changeless brow of care—
This silent woe they blame:
They little know how sweet's despair,
If it but breathe thy name!
They little think how passing dear
Is sadness unto me—
How sweet the sorrow, sweet the tear,
In silence shed for thee!

Life hath no home, no hope, no love—
The dove hath lost her ark—
The very face of heaven above
Seems hopeless now and dark:
Then haste, sad spirit, haste and share
My sorrow and my gloom;
Quick—take me to thine arms, Despair—
And bid them make my tomb!



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RATISBON CATHEDRAL.

RATISBON CATHEDRAL.

BY J. W. PAPWORTH, ESQ.

Setting aside traditions that Bavaro the Armenian led a colony to the confluence of the Regen and the Danube, and that his descendants on that spot were conquered by Norix, son of Hercules, history authoritatively declares that this site, so naturally suggestive of an excellent military position, was established by the Emperor in the year of the Crucifixion, as Tiberia Quadrata, where the eagle of the celebrated Legio IIII. Italica was long the dread of the barbarians from whom the Roman merchant procured his choicest furs. No remains now appear of the pagan temples which existed in the city known under this name, or as Imbripolis, or as Castra Regina, (in which is contained the modern appellation of Regensburg) unless a building in the precincts of the Cathedral be that which was dedicated to the purposes of a purer faith, when the inhabitants first professed their conversion, which is said to have occurred in 185, when the other subjects of Commodus, in Bavaria and Rhætia, acknowledged the efficacy of the prayers and miracles of Lucius, King of Britain, naked and on a pilgrimage.

This building is a Roman vaulted basilica, lighted on each side by small round windows placed high up in semicircular niches formed by recesses in the wall: in one of these niches, at the end of the chamber, stands the altar, a square block of stone hollowed out to receive, probably, relics; and opposite to it is a gallery, supported on semicircular arches and stunted pillars.

The date of its erection, however, appears to be much later, and it might have been prepared with reference either to the visit of the bishop and Saint Rupert of Worms, who baptized the Duke Theodo at Ratisbon in 612; or to the instalment, by the archbishop and Saint Boniface, of the first bishop, Garibaldus, in 764, "at the desire of Pope Stephen and with the consent of King Pepin and of Duke Odilo:" it is due probably to the latter event, and is thence generally considered as the first of the cathedrals of Ratisbon, as the city was now called in which, in 780, Charlemagne settled the boundaries of Bavaria after his war with Thassilo. "Then Notker Bishop of Salzburg introduced the sequentia after the alleluia; Hermanus Contractus Teutonicus (the inventor of the astrolabe) composed Rex omnipotens, Sci. Spiritus adsit nobis, Ave præclara maris, and the antiphons Alma Redemptoris mater, Simon Barjona; and Petrus de Compostella composed that commencing Salve Regina."

Ratisbon was made the capital of the Emperor Arnulf's dominions in 888, and its prosperity thenceforward seemed to suffer but one check, that of the great fire in 1046, which seems to have been a parallel to that of Hamburg; but in a commercial city, then, as now, energetic efforts soon obviated the results of the calamity; Ratisbon grew more populous and more wealthy, and built a second cathedral, now called the Baptistery, and surrounded by the cloisters which adjoin the original fane. The octagonal form, and the Romanesque style of this new edifice, which is indeed a miniature stone vaulted church, tend to render it probable that the eleventh or twelfth century saw its erection: in 1193, Cœur de Lion, a prisoner in the city to the Emperor Henry VI., may have knelt within its walls; and here, until 1280, sat enthroned the Bishop Albertus Magnus, whose studious life and varied knowledge gave him the fame of being a magician so far as to be able while addressing his pupils from the chair still shown in the chapel of the church of the Dominicans, to have been seen busily employed in his study at Donaustauf, twelve miles distant: in his time a third cathedral was projected, to which a small portion, on the left of the west entrance, bears witness; but the rest of one of the finest cathedrals in Germany does not probably exhibit a higher antiquity than the early part of the fifteenth century. The date 1482 is inscribed upon the upper part of an angular porch, but the façade of the western extremity of the building, with its projecting portal forming a double archway laden with sculptured figures and elegant ornaments—the singular draw-well, seen in the accompanying plate, within the south transept, enriched with representations of the Saviour and the Samaritan woman—the richly decorated canopies upon columns in various parts of the interior—with the equestrian effigies of St. Martin and another, may all be of a preceding age; yet, from a woodcut in the Nuremberg Chronicle of 1493, it appears that the towers were not even at that time so far finished as they now appear, one being represented, like that of Cologne Cathedral formerly, with a crane upon it raising a stone. In the text also the chronicler describes the edifice as then not complete; and access to the upper part is yet gained by an "Esels Thurm," or Asses' Tower, so called, from containing a winding inclined plane instead of a staircase, as a temporary contrivance for the conveyance of materials to that height by means of those animals, instead of by a scaffolding; but, as the building has never been completed, the tower still remains.

Within the last ten years much has been done to restore this exquisite building to an appearance of propriety and neatness; in consequence, a venerable gloom now overspreads the interior of this grand cathedral, from the effect of the richly-painted windows, in which the blue colour is remarkable for its brilliancy in the modern as well as in the ancient work; and this solemnity of repose is now no longer broken by the numerous gaudily painted wooden altars and monuments in the styles prevalent under the Emperors Charles V., Maximilian II., and Francis I., which disfigured the church and concealed many of its beauties.

Among other specimens of want of taste swept away by the alterations, was a recumbent effigy in wax, under a glass case, shown in a chapel on the south side of the choir, of St. John of Nepomuck, the patron of all the Hungarian and Bohemian bridges, and the celebrated confessor of the wife of Wenceslaus King of Bohemia, who, refusing to divulge the secrets of his royal penitent, was tortured, flung over a bridge at Prague, and drowned by that monarch's orders. The high altar, which, with all its appurtenances, is of solid silver, has been cased over so as to give it a Gothic character; and there is nothing, but the grand bronze kneeling effigy of a Cardinal and Bishop, Prince William of Bavaria, to disturb the effect of the elegantly carved stone canopies, which have replaced the lumber of three generations, and which agree completely with the curious antique Gothic bassi rilievi, and with the statues, especially that of the Virgin, against the wall of the south transept, nearly opposite to the draw-well, which is of singular beauty, and worthy of attention from its age, that of the fourteenth century, as well as from its execution.

Together with Augsburg and Nuremberg, other depôts for the merchants exchanging the products of the Levant trade for the Northern furs, Ratisbon fell, at the end of the sixteenth century, to almost insignificance; that the diets were held there (from 1663 to 1806) alone kept it from the decay to which its want of enterprise is now daily leading it, and the gloom of the city, especially of the street containing the palaces of the ministers of almost every State formerly resident there, with the recollection of the many disasters it has suffered in war from the Austrian, the Bohemian, the ancient and modern Gaul, the Hun, the Vandal, and the Swede, as well as the antique effect of the coiffure of its inhabitants, give to the gravity of the Cathedral a still more imposing effect.

LIGHT OF HEART.

BY CHARLES SWAIN, ESQ.

Light of heart am I—
  Nothing more shall grieve me;
Wherefore should I sigh?
  Sighing can't relieve me!
When the blight is shed,
  Tears cannot efface it;
When the bloom hath fled,
  Weeping can't replace it!
Light of heart am I—
  Nothing more shall grieve me;
Wherefore should I sigh?
  Sighing can't relieve me!

Wherefore feel for those
  Who feel not for others;
Hearts that will be foes,
  When they should be brothers!
Those we loved are gone!
  Who love us—we find not!
Let the world frown on
  As it will—we mind not!

Light of heart am I—
  Nothing more shall grieve me;
Wherefore should I sigh?
  Sighing can't relieve me!

THE DREAM OF THE DESERTED.

A BALLAD.

BY MRS. PONSONBY.

All through the weary, wakeful night,
  Fevered and restless I had lain,
But sleep, with morning, came at last,
  As sunshine rose o'er earth again:
And he, whose love was once mine own,
  In dreams, was all mine own once more;
And back the golden billows rolled
  To Life's deserted, barren shore.

Methought, amid the rich green wood,
  Beside the murmuring, woodland stream,
We two in trancèd union stood,
  Beneath the sunset's dying gleam;
'Twixt gnarled trunk and mossy branch
  The flood of yellow light was shed,
And diamond-bright the waters leaped
  In music o'er their rocky bed.

Oh! pleasant were the words he breathed—
  Sweet, whispered words of Love and Faith!
And joyfully my heart received
  The vows that vowed him "mine till death"—
And passionate the broken sighs,
  The sole response my lips could frame;
While, mirrored in my lover's eyes,
  My burning blushes went and came.

Then changed the scene—a marriage band
  Swept through a proud and holy fane:
Loud rose the choral marriage chants,
  Loud pealed the organ's solemn strain.
With braided hair and robes of white,
  I shone, a fair and happy bride;
While, lovely as the Sons of Light,
  Moved my young bridegroom by my side.

Again it changed—within the wood,
  Beside the murmuring woodland stream,
Husband and wife, in quiet talk,
  Were wandering, in that happy dream:
About our path our children ran;
  The boys, a gleesome, rosy band—
One little daughter, grave and shy,
  Clung fondly to her mother's hand.

Along the winding walk we passed,
Across the meadows fresh and green,
To where, beneath the fading light,
Our cottage home was dimly seen.
Dark ivy clothed the snow-white walls—
The rose made sweet the air of even—
The jasmine's timid, earth-born stars
Looked sadly to the stars of Heaven.

Another change—the years flew by—
Swiftly as 'twere a tale that's told.
Methought we saw the fire-light shine
On brow of snow and locks of gold;
That little daughter, grave and shy,
Was now a maiden tall and fair,
And we were crouching o'er the blaze,
With withered hands and hoary hair.

Well pleased, we marked the winning suit
Of one who wooed her for his wife,
And thought of our gay, courting days,
And all our long and happy life.
"Oh, may my child," my husband said,
"Be, as *thou* art, a perfect spouse!"
"Oh, may her mate"—'twas thus I spoke—
"Be true as *thou* to wedded vows!"

Mine eyes were wet with blissful tears—
Alas! to real woe I woke,
When my false lover's marriage bells
Upon that blessed slumber broke;
And still this blighted, weary heart,
Throbs to that mocking, bridal strain;
But never more, by night or morn,
Dream I such happy dreams again.

THE SNOW SHIP.

BY CHARLES SWAIN, ESQ.

Far within the Northern main,
Belted round with ice and snow,
Fettered by a frozen chain,
Many a fathom down below,
Fixed 'mid hills and vales of frost,
See, a stately ship appears!
Long amidst the glaciers lost—
None may say how many years!
Wildly gleams that ship of snow,
Where the northern whirlwinds blow!

Set with stars the slippery sail,
Strung with gems each rope and line,
Glittering in the polar gale
Like some brilliant crystal mine.

Arch o'erhanging arch, between
Stands a solid bridge of glass,
Midway earth and heaven seen,
As for angel feet to pass
Down to save that ship of snow,
When the Arctic whirlwinds blow!

Many a breaking heart was there,
Locked within that realm of death;
Many a long, imploring prayer
Passed, with many a passing breath;
Never yet might mortal tell
Whom that fated vessel bore;
Ocean keeps her secrets well,
Deep and dark, for evermore!
Whilst the mast, like spire of snow,
Points to Heaven from human woe!

OLD FRIENDS.

BY MISS G. FANNY ROSS.

My old Friends! my old Friends!
And are ye still the same?
Ye have not waxen cold, Friends,
Like some that I could name;
Although our youth's gay meetings
Have been through years deferred,

Ye have not changed kind greetings
  To some chill, formal word.

My old Friends! my old Friends!
  There's gladness in my breast,
While once again I hold, Friends,
  The hands so often pressed;
Nor time nor distance idly
  Have our true hearts estranged,
Though we have wandered widely,
  Our Friendship has not changed.

My old Friends! my old Friends!
  Yes—ye are still the same;
And yet we're often told, Friends,
  That Friendship's but a name.
Ay! if some faithful prove not,
  And all our fond hopes cross,
We've others yet who move not,
  And *they* make up our loss.

THE LOVER.

BY ELIZABETH YOUATT.

Mother, I've a thousand loves!
  Hark! My birds, how sweet they sing!
And the flowers you gave me—
  Come and see them blossoming.

But a lover, ah, my mother!
  Is a very serious thing.

Mother, do you remember
  How I wept all yesterday
For the prettiest of my birds?
  And now answer me, I pray—
This lover—ah, my mother!—
  Will *he* ever fly away?

Mother, come and see my flowers,
  Blooming 'neath the summer sky,
All so fair and beautiful!—
  Yet they'll wither by and by.
But this lover—ah, my mother!—
  Must *he* fade away and die?

Mother, when I saw my bird
  Break his string and upward dart,
And my flowerets withering,
  Truth, it seeméd hard to part.
But this lover!—ah, my mother!
  To lose *him* would break my heart!

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BEATRICE D'ESTE.

BEATRICE D'ESTE.

BY DR. SHELTON MACKENZIE,

AUTHOR OF "TITIAN."

In one of the apartments of the palace of Versailles, in the suite immediately under and in communication with that occupied by Louix XIII. himself, reposed a man, enfeebled in health, who had just achieved the greatest triumph of his life. Armand Jean du Plessis, better known in history and romance as the Cardinal Richelieu, had beaten down every barrier between himself and power—had succeeded, by a bold and adroit manœuvre, in persuading the King to banish Mary of Medici, the queen-mother, to Compiegne—and had obtained the royal promise that, thenceforth, without *his* will, nothing of moment should be executed by the ministry. It was, in short, the evening of the famous 10th of November, 1630, ever afterwards known—from the manner in which the wily Cardinal made his enemies' plots turn against themselves—as "The Day of the Dupes." The day had been a stormy one, as far as the passions were concerned; and he, whose part it had been to "ride on the whirlwind," now lay, in deep repose, upon a couch which was placed before the ample and well-replenished fireplace. No light in the apartment, save that cast up fitfully from the fire—not a sound—all was hushed while the Cardinal enjoyed the first slumber which his unquiet spirit had allowed him for a long time. It was the slumber of exhaustion. Mind and body had alike been overworked, and the quiet and dreamless sleep was alike grateful to both.

Even in the antechamber, where there is usually whispering, at least, all was hushed. The pages held their breath. The armed guards stood, sat, or lay at listless length, as if they were so many mutes. Every one there knew how necessary it was for their master's health that he should enjoy the refreshment of rest—more than one physician had solemnly declared as much—and as, albeit harsh to the many, Richelieu was gentle and kind to the few who tended on him, in the household or on guard, good care was taken by all that their master should remain undisturbed.

Twice or three times, with stealthy steps, a youth named Jean de Lisle went into the room where the Cardinal reposed. Now he adjusted the cushion, so as to raise the sleeper's head; anon, he arranged the fire, so as to divert its glow from the face to the person of the Cardinal. Silently did he glide into and from the apartment, and "He sleeps," given in the lowest of all possible whispers, was the only response he made to the questionings, more of look than words, of his companions in the outer room.

Meanwhile, in the King's apartments, preparations had been made for a sumptuous banquet—one of the gorgeous entertainments which the thirteenth Louis had a passion for giving. Expectation was high on this occasion; for Cardinal Richelieu, who had just placed himself in the proud position which he quitted but when he quitted life, was announced as one of the guests; and, while many were preparing, at the earliest opportunity, to pay homage to his greatness, all were curious to note how he should bear himself in that new position which made him virtual ruler of his country.

The guests had assembled. The King himself had entered. Richelieu was not there to receive him. The royal brow became clouded. Happily, St. Simon, his favourite, was at hand, and suggested that perhaps the Cardinal had been detained by state affairs. A messenger was despatched to summon him. In a few minutes he returned, with his gay plumage somewhat ruffled. Inquiry was made as to the cause, and the answer was that, on repairing to the Cardinal's apartments, a malapert attendant, known to the complainant as Jean de Lisle, had not only forbidden access to his Eminence, but positively refused to convey any message to him. The King, amused rather than ruffled at this report, whispered to St. Simon that he was half inclined to go to Richelieu's rooms, and personally assure himself of the real cause of his detention. A monarch's wish is speedily in course of fulfilment. The King and the courtier stepped out of the saloon. Each threw a cloak over his rich dress, and, in less time than it has taken to write these words, both were at the door which opened from the main corridor into the suite occupied by Richelieu.

They met with exactly the same reception as De Lisle had given to the palace-servant — no want of courtesy, but a firm refusal to admit any one into the privacy of his Eminence, or even to convey any message to him.

"Not even from the King?" asked Louis.

"No," replied De Lisle; "not even from the King."

There was something at once exciting and inexplicable in this pertinacity, and Louis determined to solve the riddle. "You will admit *me?*" said he, allowing his regal apparel to be seen from beneath the long roquelaure which covered him.

But the young man, albeit he bent his knee as he recognized the monarch, still declared that he dared not give admittance even to him.

What might have followed is uncertain—for sovereigns, like many subjects whom we know, do not become milder from opposition—but at this moment the door of the inner apartment opened, and Richelieu stood opposite to the King. To him Louis turned, and, in a tone of anger, and with an air of chagrin, asked wherefore access to him had been refused. Jean de Lisle was called on to explain; and he justified his conduct by stating that—seeing how much the health of the Cardinal, his master, had been injured by want of needful repose, he had ventured, on some small skill in medicine, and backed by the opinion of the physician that sleep must be obtained by any means, if health were to be preserved—he had ventured to mingle an opiate with his drink after the afternoon repast, and was unwilling, at any risk, to allow the slumber thus obtained to be disturbed. The Cardinal, thanking De Lisle for the good he had wrought, and acknowledging how much he felt recruited by the repose he had obtained, entreated the King to pardon him.

Louis, whose fortune it ever had been to know many flatterers but few friends, replied that, for his own part, he freely forgave what had been solely caused by regard for a minister, whose life was essential to the glory of France and to his own honour. "But," added he, "if this servitor of yours, thus faithful and affectionate, will enter our service, we may show him better than by mere words how much we esteem such fidelity and affection."

Jean de Lisle looked at Richelieu, who motioned him to kneel before the King. The jewelled hand of the monarch was graciously extended and reverently kissed.

"Next our own person," said Louis. "Ever at hand, and as vigilant for us as thou hast been for the Cardinal."

Thus, in a moment, was the page of Richelieu changed into one of the gentlemen of the King. Richelieu and his royal master, followed by St. Simon and De Lisle, proceeded to the royal apartments, where, of course, all proper homage was paid to the nominal and to the actual possessor of power.

Thus ended the famous "Journée des Dupes." The King lost his mother, and gained a page. The Cardinal obtained sovereign sway — and a sound sleep.

Jean de Lisle, whom we have thus introduced, was fortunate in having, from his childhood, been favoured with the protection of Cardinal Richelieu. When, at the age of twenty-two, Armand Jean du Plessis was made Bishop of Luçon, his elevation was attributable, in some degree, to the friendship of the Count de Lisle, then in the service, and honoured with the confidence of Henry IV. He had known Armand's family, had received kindness from them, and was happy in being able to return it, in some degree, by recommending his friend as well qualified, from ability no less than a taste for letters, for the vacant see. In doing this he had given the first impetus to the fortunes of him who, as Cardinal and Duc de Richelieu, fills many a page in the annals of France. But the elder De Lisle died suddenly—even before his royal master—and bequeathed his only son, now entering his twenty-fourth year, to the friendship of Richelieu. The trust had been faithfully executed. The best education of the time had been bestowed upon Jean de Lisle, and, for some years past, he had occupied a place near the person of his patron. He had been page, until he had outgrown all appearance of such an office, and had latterly been more of an aide-de-camp, (for, like the King, the Cardinal affected the protective state of a body-guard of his own) and his skill in all warlike exercises well qualified him for a post at once important and confidential. We have already shown with what devotedness he applied himself to the service of the Cardinal.

But a change had now taken place in his position. Jean de Lisle, grateful for the notice constantly taken of him by the King, soon became warmly attached to his majesty; and when Louis perceived this—his *amour propre* somewhat flattered by the constant evidence of such affection—he, in turn, began to feel an interest in the young cavalier. The confidence he placed in De Lisle was considerable, as the following circumstance may show.

After the queen-mother's departure, some of her suite remained in Paris; but, when the Cardinal had reason to believe that they continued there as spies, he peremptorily named a day before which each and all of them should quit Paris, and determined that, without any exception, such as were not natives of France should return to their proper birth-land.

Beatrice d'Este, a maiden of extreme beauty, was one of the ladies destined by the Cardinal's will to return home. She had come on a visit to Mary de Medici about two years previously to the date of our story, and by her had been treated as an equal.

The retinue which was to escort her was placed under the command of Jean de Lisle. It was part of the King's policy to maintain the appearance of perfect respect towards the banished queen-mother, and he well knew that she would be pleased to learn that her favourite friend, the young Beatrice, had been sent to her Italian home under the protection of the trustiest and most confidential of all his younger men-at-arms.

They left Paris. The power of Richelieu, which few dared dispute, had obtained a safe-conduct for the party through Germany and the Italian States. Pleasant enough was the journey, made in easy stages, from a desire not to fatigue the lady. Soon, thrown into constant, hourly communion with her, as the leader of her escort, De Lisle had learned how powerful are the bonds which association forges. Had he seen Beatrice at the court of King Louis, he might have passed her by without notice; for who amid a galaxy will single out "one bright particular star?—but here, and thus, ever at her side, vigilant for her safety, careful for her comforts, anxious to amuse her, he had opportunity of learning that the maiden had greater beauty than that of feature and form—that her mind was bright with intelligence—in a word, that she was a being to be loved, even though, he feared, she was too far above him for even Hope, the castle-builder, to fancy as within his reach. And with her the case was not very dissimilar. Beatrice d'Este had permitted the young cavalier to have an interest in her heart, and cared not to think upon the improbability that, this journey ended, she might never again behold him.

Forward they went. Inspruck was soon left behind, and the Julian Alps were passed — down by Treviso, and through Padua. At last they were within the territory of Ferrara, where the journey was to terminate. Scarcely had the little cavalcade entered that territory, when an event of some importance took place.

Beatrice d'Este, niece to Alfonso II. of Ferrara —the same whose treatment of Tasso has given him an infamous memory—had been sent to Paris, by desire of certain of the nobility most devoted to the house of Este, in order to obtain the influence of Mary de Medici in her favour. On Alfonso's death, without a male heir, Pope Clement VIII. declared that the papal fiefs held by the house of Este had lapsed to the Church. Duke Cæsar, who had succeeded Alfonso, surrendered the ecclesiastical fiefs, but retained possession of those which were held under the empire. The nobility of Ferrara, who disliked him for his illegitimate birth, heeded not his retention of Modena and Reggio, but would never have permitted him to rule over them. On the other hand, they objected to being transferred to the dominion of the Church, and had secretly solicited Mary de Medici to assert the claims of Beatrice d'Este to the fief which her family had so long held. When Mary was exiled to Compiegne, she had not been able to bring the subject, as its importance required, before the favourable notice of her son, Louis XIII. Richelieu, whose system of espionage spread far and near, was acquainted with the pretensions of Beatrice.

While they were not asserted for her, or by her, he saw no cause for interference. It happened, rather singularly, that the person most interested cared little for the honours which her friends wished to restore to her. Beatrice d'Este would have much preferred the quietude of retirement to the gilded pomps of such a sovereignty as that of Ferrara.

The castle of Este, not very far from Padua, was still held for Beatrice, as portion of the property which had been the dowry of her mother. Thither the party were now speeding—two of them rather mournful, it must be confessed, at the thought that there would terminate the acquaintance and companionship which both had found so pleasant. It appeared, however, that they were not to part quite so soon.

Italy was overrun at that time with gangs of robbers, who had pretty accurate information respecting travellers, the course they meant to take, the property they carried with them. In the vicinity of Este one of these gangs had become located. The little party commanded by De Lisle had scarcely entered the defile which leads to the castle, when it was suddenly attacked by these armed ruffians. The assailants were superior in numbers; but the determination of the French men-at-arms prevailed, and the robbers were beaten off with heavy loss. Jean de Lisle was almost the only person who sustained severe injury in the *mélée.* He was seriously wounded, and it was fortunate that the castle of Este was so near the field of contest.

It is scarcely necessary to say that *there* De Lisle received every attention which his sufferings required. Months elapsed ere he was convalescent, and he had long since dismissed the French escort which he had brought with him. Be sure that Beatrice d'Este did not neglect the youthful warrior who had suffered so much in her cause. But latterly, as his strength became renewed, and it was evident that in a very short time he would be able to return to Paris, the maiden grew unusually thoughtful. Love, without her having dreamt of such a thing, had become the inmate of her bosom. Her female attendants had observed this long ago; but then, "the looker-on sees more of the game than the players."

The day of departure was named. Beatrice, heart-weary with conflicting feelings, had withdrawn from all human observation, and had taken a favourite seat on the flat roof of her habitation. It was in the soft and gentle twilight, and hither, at that hour, she had long been wont to come, with her embroidery, her lute, her pencil, or her book. But now, the book was all unheeded. Her abstraction was so great that she did not hear nor heed the footstep by her side. The whispered

"Beatrice!" awakened her from her day-dream, and she saw that De Lisle had broken on her solitude.

Silence for a season. Oh, there is a silence far more eloquent than words! And then came the "Farewell!" The cavalier had come to speak that word. The morrow's eve was to see him far away from Este and all it contained. Listlessly did the fair hand droop as it held the volume which had been unread that evening; paler grew the cheek, softer the gentle beauty of those lustrous eyes. And then, in faltering words, De Lisle returned thanks for all the courtesy he had received. More he dared not say.

"You will think of Este—sometimes?" said the lady.

"As Adam remembered the Eden he had quitted, and never hoped to see again!"

"Ah!" said she, with a gentle smile, "you will some day return hither, if only for an hour, to let me know that the wounds you received in my defence have not seriously injured you?"

"Never!" said he. "I dare not return. I look upon it and you for the last time. Farewell!"

He approached her. Not to crowned empress could he have bent a lowlier knee. He took the white hand which hung by her side, and raised it to his lips. Marble-cold it was to the touch. He raised his eyes to the maiden's face—it was white as the Parian bust; she had fainted. By degrees the colour returned to those lips and cheeks—the eyes resumed their light—the brow flushed—the little hand made an effort for release. But De Lisle, in that brief space, had been thrilled with hope, strong and sudden. He still knelt by her side. The hand which he retained in his he ventured to press—the pressure was not reproved, perhaps it was returned. A flood of tears relieved her heart. Then—but why describe the indescribable? Jean de Lisle did *not* quit the castle of Este on the morrow, as he had purposed.

Cardinal Richelieu sat in the very apartment in which, months before, he had reposed when Jean de Lisle had prevented the King's entrance. Before him was a letter which he had just received. The King occupied a chair opposite to his minister.

"My liege," said the Cardinal, our protégé has relieved us of the task of caring for his fortunes. He has wooed and won the Princess Beatrice d'Este; and this missive, which reached me but an hour ago, acquaints me that he but waits your royal permission to wed her. Rome, as I learn from other despatches, is most anxious to retain the fief of Ferrara, which it resumed on the death of Duke Alfonso without legitimate male heir. Methinks that, by permitting Jean de Lisle to wed the daughter of Este, which would for ever annihilate her claims to the sovereignty, we may please the Holy See, and, by representing the union as of our own suggestion, gain as an equivalent the concession we have so long sought in the matter of nominating to the French Sees."

"Be it so," replied the King. "And should De Lisle bring his bride to Paris, assure her of a favourable reception."

"No doubt," said the Cardinal, with a smile; "for your majesty has a paternal regard for youth and beauty."

The Count de Lisle never returned to France. He and his Beatrice lived and died at Este. They were happy in their lives; and, singularly enough, their death took place, even as they desired, on one and the same day.

HARP OF ZION.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

Harp of Zion, who shall make
Thee with her sweet songs awake?
Who shall touch the solemn chord
She holds sacred to her Lord?

Thou, at whose melodious voice
Saint and angel hosts rejoice
While it rises to their King,
Who shall sweep thy holy string?

Harp of Zion, never sound
When the cumb'rers of her ground
To thy chords or pedal put
Hand impure, or alien foot!
Breathe not thou beneath the breath
Of a spirit bound to death!
God will ne'er accept thy strain,
Answered to the touch profane.

Zion's children, pause, and think—
Will your anthems rise or sink
When the hand of Mammon plays,
While his tongues but mock her praise,
Kindling with an earthly fire
Numbers that a heavenly choir
Would with holy awe repeat,
Bowing at Jehovah's feet?

Zion's sons and daughters, who
Should enounce your songs, but you?
Who, but spirits that abide
Stedfast on their Saviour's side,

Can your praise and glory give
Unto Him in whom ye live,
Or your Hallelujahs sing
From your mountain to your King?

Harp of Zion, never wake
But for God and Zion's sake—
When the worldling fingers sweep
O'er thy chords, be mute, or weep!
Only to the minstrel, found,
Heart and foot, on Zion's ground,
Are thy tones responsive given,
Meet from earth to enter heaven.

Zion, to thy Leader nigh
Bear thy banner pure and high:
Guard thy harp with jealous care
From the world's polluted air!
Tuned below to breathe above,
Unto Him whose name is Love,
Harp of Zion, thou shalt sound
In the sweet, eternal round.

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TO A DEAR AND ABSENT SISTER.

Yes! when thou art happy in thy husband's home,
Leaning on him on whom thy love is cast,
I know that ofttimes o'er thy soul will come
The memory of the past—
Voices which, calling from departed years,
Will move thy soul to tears.

Oh! the deep sorrow of our last embrace,
When thou forsookest, for a distant shore,
Thy father's house, where now we miss the face,
The voice, the smile, which come not as of yore;
Thy mother's arms, thy sister's tenderness,
A household altar of thine own to bless.

Blest is of Heaven, we know, that wondrous love,
Which in itself all other loves can blend;
Affections strong and closely interwove,
Before that one transcendent passion bend,
Like reeds which vainly all their strength unite
To stem some flowing river's tranquil might.

Yet not the less 'tis felt, when links long riven
Round kindred hearts are loosed for newer ties:

No earthly lot may bear a cloudless heaven,
  And shadows 'midst the brightest prospects rise;
E'en in the gayest strain, some mournful tone
  Will linger when the blither notes are flown.

When Spring returns, we two shall roam no more
  Where the blue torrents 'midst the lone hills swell;
Or, 'neath the shadow of the sycamore,
  Rest at noontide in some secluded well,
Where hidden waters ripple, as they pass
  Through the embowering fern and rustling grass.

Lost are the first fresh joys, the calm delights,
  The simple pleasures of our early years—
The wanderings forth beneath the starry nights,
  Or 'mongst the flowers, when Evening's dewy tears
Lay heavy on the clusters of the rose,
  As though she wept the summer's day should close.

But Love weaves garlands for thy bridal bowers;
  New blessings on a wife's high duties wait:
Farewell; but think, e'en in thy happiest hours,
  On Him who at the Feast of Cana sate;
And still, where two in hallowed love unite,
  Sheds o'er the Christian's hearth a gleam of
    Heaven's pure light.

S. H. S.

THE WILD FLOWER.

BY JOHN BANTON, ESQ.

A wild flower fair, as fair might be,
  Of fragrance rare—a wild flower fair,
On common bare, I chanced to see—
  A wild flower fair, as fair might be.

With anxious eye its charms I viewed,
  When passing by, with anxious eye—
No shelter nigh, though winds blew rude—
  With anxious eye its charms I viewed.

I will not crop thee, lovely flower,
  Thy tender top I will not crop;
Its leaves would drop in half an hour—
  I will not crop thee, lovely flower.

May no rude hand thy bloom destroy;
  Safe mayst thou stand; may no rude hand
Thy beauties bland nor sweets annoy—
  May no rude hand thy bloom destroy.

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